

# The TATLER

Vol. CLI. No. 1970.

London  
March 29, 1939



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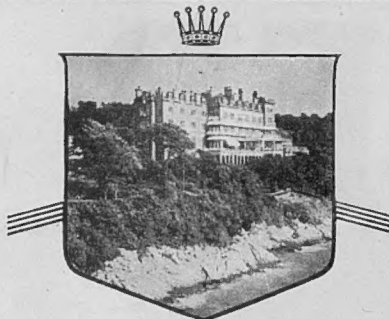
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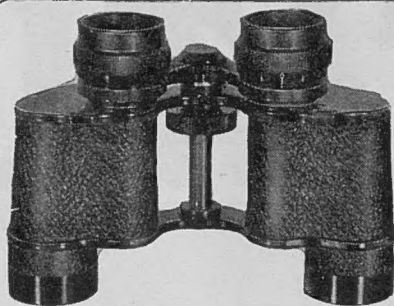


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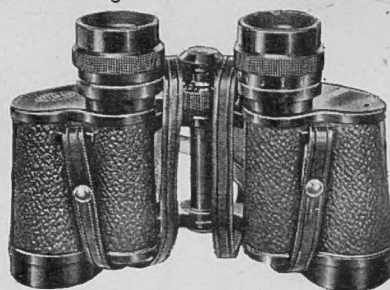
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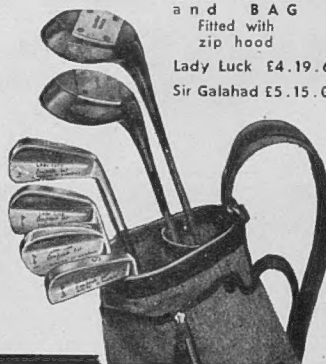
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# The TATTLER

Vol. CLI. No. 1970. London, March 29, 1939

POSTAGE: Inland 2d.; Canada and  
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## THEIR MAJESTIES AND THE TWO PRINCESSES

A new and unpublished picture of the Royal Family taken at Buckingham Palace, which, owing to the time of great stress in which the nation finds itself, acquires a special value and import. The recent State visit of the President of the French Republic could not have taken place at a more opportune moment, for it advertised, even if such advertisement seems unnecessary, the solidarity and singleness of purpose of the two nations. In his speech at the banquet at Buckingham Palace in honour of the President and Madame Lebrun, the King said: "The toast of Franco-British relations has often been proposed in stately and appropriate terms, but never with a deeper sincerity than I feel today, nor on an occasion more significant than the present"





T.R.H. PRINCESS ELIZABETH AND PRINCESS MARGARET ROSE PLAY A DUET

Marcus Adams

Here is another quite new study of the little Princesses, taken on the same day as the very charming Royal Family portrait which forms our frontispiece. Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret were waiting to greet M. le Président and Madame Lebrun on their arrival at Buckingham Palace last week and lost no time in expressing delighted thanks for the wonderful dolls presented by M. Lebrun on behalf of the children of France when the King and Queen were in Paris. Princess Elizabeth will be getting several more presents on April 21, the thirteenth anniversary of her birthday

## And the World Said—



LADY ALEX CADOGAN

Harlip

Lord Cadogan's younger sister, who came out last year. Lady Alex Cadogan does not allow social doings, however amusing, to crowd out good causes, and she was recently busily concerned with a Pay Party in aid of the Barclay Workshops for Blind Women

include Elsie Janis, Sir Hugh Walpole, the Barrymores, Constance Collier (who pretended to set the hotel on fire because her English maid liked the sound of the New York fire brigade sirens) and most of the young writers, actors and artists who count, as Americans say, today. Mr. Case includes a page in praise of the New York taxi driver—"tolerant, natural and wise"—which I endorse, and among hundreds of laughs, the reply, when after a cocktail party he inquired of his companion whether the room was exceptionally dark or were his eyes failing, she said, "Pretty dark, I saw several young men trying to identify their lady friends by the Braille system." One imbibes such miscellaneous New York atmosphere by reading this, but if you would sail with one of the finest minds of our generation at the helm, dig up Hilaire Belloc's *Cruise of the Nona*, which I tried to buy from the ship's library because it is pre-eminently a book to cherish with Sterne and Marcus Aurelius. But they would not sell it and I was brought up not to steal—a pity, judging by the success of the smash and grab personality. Now we are anchored at Nassau, and my grievance is somewhat dissipated by a visit to the races where the horses are half-bred in the Bahamas; pretty creatures with coloured jockeys and a starter whose black moon face contrasts quaintly with his huntsman's coat. It is well done in an unpretentious way, but after racing at Montego Bay (where a bicycle event is included) this seems almost Ascot. an impression

THERE are places I am always glad to leave—routine resorts, for the most part—others, like Jamaica, which twine tropical arms round my heart of thistles, metaphorically speaking, but the homeward beat must begin and the *Lady Rodney*, steaming peacefully towards Nassau, is the first lap of the journey. There is little to do but eat, sleep and read, unless you go Grace Line and vary this with civilized buffet lunches eaten on deck beside a tiled swimming pool. My reading is three worthwhile books, namely, Lin Yutang's *The Importance of Life* (you remember his balanced eye-opener on China, *My Country and My People*); *The Yearling* (a rather self-consciously simple best-seller about a boy, his animals and his emotions in the backwoods of Florida), and *Tales of a Wayward Inn*, by Frank Case, who is the Harry Preston, Rosa Lewis and César Ritz of New York. There is nothing in all America quite like the Algonquin, and the people who pass in and out of its doors and his pages



accentuated by running into Mrs. Harry Oakes, whose big hat matches her all-pleated, lime-coloured dress, and then "Ali" Mackintosh, who was so tired of Palm Beach successes that he took a Bahamian breather. The lovely lint-haired Mrs. Nicholas Luddington of Philadelphia, wore her handbag; this is newer, girls, than carrying it. A grey box-leather pouch slung over one shoulder on a plaited leather noose, it hits the hip. Then we met up with good-looking Mr. C. H. D. Moseley from Perth, Western Australia, who is visiting his cousin, Miss Moseley, one of the most remarkable women in the Bahamas. She has brought out her newspaper the *Nassau Guardian*, every night for many years. These Moseleys are vigorous Yorkshire stock now dispersed to Cheshire and Denbighshire, where Mr. Oswald Moseley of Adgen Hall and Major Roger Moseley, The Royals, of Darland Hall (who is now adjutant of the Staffordshire Yeomanry) head the respective branches. One cadet of the family emigrated to Nassau four generations ago, another to Australia, where "C.H.D." says the pleasurable anticipation

over the Kents is considerable even in the west, where they cannot hope to see so much of T.R.H.'s who have intimated their intention of travelling vast distances in order to give the greatest amount of contentment to the greatest number of people.

The greatest number ever collected on a yacht attended Frazier Jelke's "all glamour and chicken à la king" lunch, where Brenda-Diana Frazier, the prettiest brunette since Margaret Whigham, wore a flowered silk which would shine at Claridge's in June. Her featured co-débutantes, Marion Oates and Hope Saunders, were also dressed up to the clips, as were some of the matrons, in contrast to young Mrs. Hyatt von Dehn (the most attractive American at Biarritz last year) who wore strawberry linens; charming "Timmy" Lansing (Mrs. Peter Arno) who looked as if she was on a yacht, and Mrs. "Zammy" Simonds over from their boat where cold turkey is irresistible with five accessories and then ice-cream. The Simonds gather the Porcupine Club set; rich, respectable and agreeable Americans from Newport, Long Island, and communities which keep themselves to themselves; are



AT THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE

Lady Caroline Paget and her aunt, Lady Diana Cooper, contributing their share of decorativeness to what was perhaps the most magnificent of last week's many memorable spectacles—the Royal Gala Performance at Covent Garden in honour of the French President and Madame Lebrun. Lady Caroline Paget's father, Lord Anglesey, has been Lord Chamberlain to H.M. Queen Mary since 1922



LORD AND LADY LYTTON

Arriving at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, on last week's night of nights, when every corner of the house was packed with notables. Lord Lytton, who has rendered his country such distinguished service both at home and abroad, bore the Canopy at the Coronation of H.M. King George VI



THREE MORE AT COVENT GARDEN

Captain and the Hon. Mrs. Chetwode talking to her brother, the Hon. Seymour Berry, before the arrival of The King and Queen and Their Majesties guests of honour. The marriage of Lord and Lady Camrose's third daughter to Field-Marshal Sir Philip Chetwode's only son took place in 1936

interested in all the sports and few of the arts—in fact almost unrecognizable from those worlds within worlds which formed Edwardian England; before doubts and duns beset us. The Porcupiners have a perfect Hog Island beach where a coloured waiter skins oranges on sticks for members to suck after bathing. The most forthcoming are Mr. Philip Ruxton ("Uncle Phil" to all) and Mr. "Bob" Johnson who has sailed his lovely *Stormy Weather* to victory three times in the Miami to Nassau race. He and his decorative wife had "Billy" Clyde staying with them. It is good news for ski-ers that "Billy" (a member of "601," the crack London R.A.F. squadron, as are ski-ers William Rhodes-Moorehouse, Roger Bushel and "Paddy" Green) is shortly returning to live in England accompanied by Mrs. Clyde (popular Rosemary Robertson) and offspring; sex not yet known. The most popular man on Hog Island happens to be an Englishman—"Jimmy", the elder son of Lady Eva Dugdale, and every inch a sailor. He has a hurricane-proof house next to Mrs. Marion Aubert whose garden ornaments include a baby bandstand. Lady Dufferin was among his visitors. The decorations are charming; often the case when a man does his own—those feminine touches can be fatal. Iron gates, found in Nassau, are a nice touch to the policies, and I like his mitre box for notepaper, lying flat on a refectory table. Another unattached male, in demand but something of a recluse, is Captain Duncan Lawrie who sailed his thirty-six-foot *Silver Night* from Portsmouth to Nassau non-stop last November and is living on board with a coloured crew of one who has the imposing name of Granville and plays the guitar. Captain Lawrie is a character out of that now neglected genius Conrad; he does not approve of Nassau beach picnics, which Wimbledon's Jack Lysaght puts in a local fruit-shell—"paw-paw." Jack, "Billy" Clyde, Lord Petre, Rex Wetherall, Alan Forster and Ogden Hammond, jun. are some of the personable young men. Charmers include Diana Sampson, Betty Byrne who is staying with Lady Peek; Anne Harcourt who some say paints better than her Royal Academician papa; Betty Gilbert from Lancaster, Pa., to be found at Fort Montagu beach where the "Johnny" Menzies' and her sister, Erica Graham, represent Scotland, and Madeleine Russell from Louisville, Kentucky, who has the Southern sparkle of a "Scarlett." Everybody, except Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, the impressive President of Columbia University, dances at



## And the World said—*continued*

the Colonial Grill to the best band south of New York. Rosita Forbes has bought a bit of an island. Jack Buchanan has not yet started building on his plot. More buy than build, but "Canadian Ridge" is well covered with what are called *residences*, the accent on "dence." Lili Damita may be the next to choose a *pied-à-mer* in Nassau. She likes the life though staying at the White House *en route*, then hunting with the Whitneys in Virginia, made a new high in the social career of this unspoilt *gamine* who was a *Folies Bergère* and is still Mrs. Errol Flynn.

These are great weeks in English history—perhaps even more dramatic than 1914 when not the principles of right and wrong, but an unexpected assassination, became the pretext to start a long-matured aggression. Historians may recount how the mood of Europe, in face of the now disclosed Nazi challenge, is strangely reminiscent of that of the Allies in "the hundred days" before Waterloo. Our politicians have a sorry tale of mistakes to their credit since November, 1918, starting with the subservience of Lloyd George to the dreaming idealism of Woodrow Wilson. From that came Versailles where the Eastern Frontier of France should have been made Lord Baldwin's Rhine. Without Reparations the Germans might never have embarked on the policy of deceit which they have practised with such acumen since 1920 (let us not forget the mark inflation and the Municipal Bond racket). One of their great jokes was that the Inter-Allied Disarmament Commission marched happily over their empty machinery halls and the gun moulds were buried under the floors! Much blame was thrown on France for her unstable politics at the time of the September Crisis, but the major mistakes in the last eighteen years have been ours. We failed to support France in the Ruhr Occupation; we failed to support America against the Manchukuo seizure, and we signed the Naval Pact behind France's back. *Anschluss* skies in 1938 seemed clear when the King and Queen were in Paris, but last week's visit of the President and Madame Lebrun, following as it did Czecho-Slovakia and Memel, had a deeper significance. Their presence confirmed France's new-found solidarity and perhaps they have taken back an assurance of the re-awakened national conscience of England.

While outwardly the *fêtes* arranged for the three days were intended to vie with the pleasures enjoyed by the King and Queen in Paris, changed circumstances put a different aspect on the London visit. On the first day, as a good omen, the sun broke through in readiness for the last stretch of the drive up the Mall (tastefully decorated with alternate blazons of both countries trimmed with French blue, scarlet, white and gold) to Buckingham Palace and, contrary to Mr. Duff Cooper's perturbation, the President received a cheering welcome and must have been impressed that the public stood so near the carriage way and were not barricaded behind two ranks of soldiers as was the case with the French crowds during our Sovereigns' visit. Cries of "*Vive La France*" mingled with "Hurrahs" and it is rare that we see the King and his two

Royal brothers all in one carriage, as was the case on this occasion; Monsieur Lebrun being on his Majesty's right. Madame Lebrun was a striking figure in pearl grey, but most charming was the Queen, in a new shade of deep cyclamen pink with hat to match. With them rode the Duchesses of Kent and Gloucester, and it was noticed that all the ladies turned to smile at Queen Mary who had come to the balcony of Marlborough House; as soon as the procession had passed, the crowd also turned and waved to Queen Mary, who acknowledged them with her familiar wave of the hand. Although this visit was planned months ago, it struck a psychological moment and became more important to the "man in the street" in view of recent happenings. Had the sun decided to shine a few hours earlier, doubtless the Foot Guards lining the route would have discarded their great coats, thus making it a pageant of scarlet and gold, in keeping with the uncloaked Escort of Household

Cavalry—but the French took the visit to be a very auspicious occasion and our grey skies did not prevent their press and cameramen from wearing top hats. The drives to and from the Guildhall on the second day, when our visitors were guests of the Lord Mayor, were both brilliantly sunlit. For this luncheon Madame Lebrun wore royal blue with palest pink gloves and rode with the President and the Duke of Beaufort, Master of the Horse. Monsieur Georges Bonnet was recognized and cheered by the crowd, as were the Duke and Duchess of Kent, who followed by car; the Prime Minister and Mrs. Chamberlain (he looked weighed down with the Nations' affairs while Mrs. Chamberlain smiled bravely) and Mr. Leslie Hore-Belisha who, doubtless due to the fact that the procession was some twenty minutes late in starting on the return, got misplaced and followed the brake containing the footmen. The London-Scottish detachment, marching with their arms at the shoulder, did the Territorial Army proud, and the nine greys of the Mounted Police were a good legacy from the days of Colonel Percy Laurie.

There was a smart gathering at Mrs. George Harvey's house in St. John's Wood, which she lent for a reception after the wedding of "Harley Street specialist" Dr. Ricardo Vicchi-Borghese to Mrs. Romola Spani-Markby. The bride, who is

Italian-born, worked for a time at the Italian Embassy. All were disappointed that international events necessitated Count Grandi sending a letter-length telegram of regret at being unable to be present, but the Italian Chargé d'Affaires toured the various rooms in company with Signorina Liliana Castagnola, who wore a feather-trimmed hat, as did lovely Mrs. Peter Koch de Gooreynd and Mme di Bos, who arrived together.

Novelty news from Paris tells that Senora Juan Larivière, wife of the First Secretary to the Argentine Legation, clips her hair with a gold rose, its stem spins round and the flower is made of rubies; the Princesse Guy de Faucigny-Lucinge wears three tiny diamond hands (nails red enamelled, of course) on her tailored suit—as it is fashionable to wear one's initials these represent the first three letters of her name in the deaf and dumb alphabet; while to be *à la mode* your cigarette lighter must be shaped like a fish with one sapphire and one ruby eye and a tail that waggles!



ALBANIA'S BEAUTIFUL QUEEN

The marriage of the former Countess Geraldine Apponyi to King Zog I of Albania took place with much pomp and duly colourful ceremony in Tirana, the capital of that state, on April 27, 1938. Her Majesty is the daughter of Count Anton Apponyi of Hungary. Her charm and beauty endeared her to the people of her new and picturesque country from the first moment of her advent to it





THE ROYAL BOX AT THE GALA PERFORMANCE AT COVENT GARDEN OPERA HOUSE

A picture taken at the moment when "The Marseillaise" was played on the entry of The President and Madame Lebrun with their Royal hosts the King and Queen. The key to this historic picture is: in front, left to right: H.M. Queen Mary, The President of the French Republic, H.M. the Queen, H.M. the King and Madame Lebrun (behind), the Earl of Athlone, H.R.H. the Princess Royal, the Marquess of Carisbrooke, H.R.H. Princess Arthur of Connaught, the Marchioness of Carisbrooke, the Princess Helena Victoria (behind H.M. the King) and the Princess Marie Louise



AT THE RECEPTION TO THE PRESIDENT AT THE GUILDHALL

The President of the French Republic responds to the address of welcome presented to him by the Lord Mayor of London (Sir Frank Bowater) and the Corporation. Madame Lebrun is seated next to the Lord Mayor. To the left of, and behind, the President's chair are M. André Magre, Lord Allendale, General Braconnier, Mme Lozé, Mme Braconnier (behind), Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. Piers Legh (behind Mme Lebrun), M. Bonnet (two further to the right), Sir Edwin Lutyens (three further on), Lord Herbert (then) Lady Brecknock, Mr. Winston Churchill, Mr. Ernest Brown, the Duke of Buccleuch, Lord De La Warr, (behind this row are) Mr. Hore-Belisha, Mr. W. S. Morrison, Sir Kingsley Wood, Lord Camrose, Mr. Vincent Massey and Mr. Walter Elliot, (seated in front on the right of the picture are, left to right) the Lady Mayoress, the Duke and Duchess of Kent, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Prime Minister and Mrs. Neville Chamberlain, and in the rows at the back, Sir John Simon, Sir John Anderson, the Bishop of London and Lord and Lady Halifax. Brilliant and full of pomp and circumstance as was the function at the Guildhall where the Lord Mayor and Corporation opened the arms of the City to our distinguished guests, it was eclipsed in colourful display by what happened at the special gala performance of ballet at Covent Garden Opera House in the evening of the same day. The boxes and the auditorium were a blaze of uniforms, jewels, lovely dresses, fair women and brave men, an absolutely unforgettable sight for any who were fortunate enough to witness it, and entirely worthy of such an august occasion





VIVIAN ELLIS SHOWS DEANNA DURBIN THE NUMBER HE HAS WRITTEN FOR HER IN "AFTER SCHOOLDAYS"

This is the title of Deanna's new picture which goes into production as soon as she has finished work on *First Love*, in which she stars with Charles Boyer, so one way and another we are going to see a lot of this charming young lady in the near future; to be quite correct she will be seen tomorrow night at the Leicester Square Cinema in the première of *Three Smart Girls Grow Up*. The two other smart girls are Nan Grey and Helen Parrish. Vivian Ellis is the talented composer of the music and lyrics of so many successful shows including the present great hit *Under Your Hat*.

I GREATLY regret the retirement from film criticism of my old friend, Mr. Sydney Carroll. Many a lance have I broken with him in these columns, and always has he come up smiling, genial, and unembittered. The one thing that can never have been doubted about Sydney is his absolute sincerity. He has been, if he will forgive me for saying so, the stout Don Quixote of film criticism, ready to tilt at any windmill which got in his way and to rescue any maiden of more than ordinary good looks. He has stood for what I shall call the public taste at its best; where public taste led, there in the van could be found our Sydney. Crammed from top to toe with normal prejudices, he has believed himself to be the most open-minded man in the world. There has been no shilly-shallying about him; whatever he has thought he has said, and whatever he has said he has thought. Promotion to the editorial chair of the *Daily Sketch* will not spoil him, for the reason that he is unspoilable by nature. He has done a great amount of valuable work in the theatre, and he has written devotedly for the films, thus proving that it is perfectly possible to serve two mistresses. Further, he knows which of the two is of the better lineage, and that is why I welcome his elevation to editorial rank. He will, I feel, hold the scales evenly between the aristocratic theatre and the upstart cinema, between the art of drama and the business of public entertainment. I am convinced that in his now august situation he will have a kindly eye for his old companions of the writing fraternity. Once a scribbler always a scribbler. That the pen is mightier than the sword is a poorish proverb in these days; it still remains true that the pen has a sovereign contempt for the blue pencil. I am sensible, however, of one distinct danger for those in Sydney's employ. This is that sitting at some play or film and moved to ecstasy or wrath, he will sometimes usurp the function of his own hireling and with his own mighty fist indite some turbulent, not to say turgid column. Whether he signs it or not, let him be sure that I shall recognize it. *Vale atque ave!*

While we are in the congratulatory mood, let us felicitate the Marquis de Casa Maury on the fifth anniversary of the

# THE CINEMA

By JAMES AGATE

## Round and About

Curzon Cinema, which continues to present the best pictures irrespective of the country of their origin, and indubitably possesses what many people regard as even more important—the most comfortable seats. There is always about this house a wholly charming air of hospitality. You feel that you are the guest of the management, and that if you have paid for your ticket—a calamity which has yet to befall me—this is a mere formality which gentlemen will wish to hush up. In the ordinary commercial cinema you are not a person at all, but merely the owner of half a crown. Even so, the Curzon has graciously recognized the existence of penurious gentility. In other words, it now proposes to increase its accommodation for the shabby in search of genteel entertainment. In still plainer English, the number of half-crown seats at the Curzon is to be increased, while the eight-and-sixpenny seats are to be reduced to six shillings. There will also be a large number of seats at three and sixpence, and if I were a member of the paying public nothing would gratify me more than to sit in one of these medial rows with a six-shilling breath blowing down my neck and taking my revenge out of the half-crown in front of me.

A little belatedly I looked in the other afternoon at the Curzon half-way through a showing of *Trois Valses*, a film which for chic, charm, distinction, and complete absence of every kind of vulgarity eclipses anything that Hollywood has ever sent to us and, so far as I can see, anything that that fat-headed burg is ever likely to send. The French, who are popularly supposed to get most of their fun out of indiscretion, are even better at making discretion amusing. The divette in this film, adorably played by Yvonne Printemps, has achieved so much success that on one and the same night the Prince of Wales and Sarah Bernhardt announce their intention of taking boxes. You do not see the Prince of Wales, but you do hear a French theatre orchestra making a magnificent hash of the English National Anthem. Sarah is perceived dimly in the recesses of a not-too-well-lighted box. But the actress who plays the part not only looks like Sarah, but talks like her, and an immense show of graciousness subtly implies that in the scale of dramatic significance the little actress who is drawing all Paris weighs as much or as little as a butterfly. The music, which is by Oscar Straus, is entrancing, and the plot credible and engaging. At least I enjoyed it so much that I sat through an admirable Nature film, all about gannets in Shetland, in order to see the picture's first half. Then what a beautiful actor Pierre Fresnay is! He possesses the wholly French art of lending his associates full and loyal support while maintaining the independence and integrity of his own individual performance. Well, it takes all sorts to make a world. Otherwise there would be no explaining how two films like *Trois Valses* and *Gunga Din* come to belong to the same art.

From the Curzon I went along to the Plaza, where I saw a fascinating short picture called *The March of the Movies*. It is strange to think how once more some man of genius comes along and invents something new without having the sense to make any money out of it. And how somebody without any genius whatever, but with a talent for exploiting the genius of others, promptly comes on the scene and mops up all the shekels. A good deal of this picture is taken up with the uninteresting physiognomies of film magnates who have made two studios grow where one did not grow before. And all I can say is that all these magnates look exactly alike. What was and must always be interesting was the early showing of this and that future celebrity. Here was Mary Pickford in 1907, inescapably appealing despite the fact that at that time she was known as Gladys Nicholson. Pickford was an obvious enough name to give to that little van-load of charm. But what genius was it who thought of the domesticating Mary? There is a glorious extract, too, from an early Chaplin comedy. In this, Charlie anxious for boxing honours achieves them by the simple method of inserting a horse-shoe in his boxing-glove. Yes, *The March of the Movies* makes a delightful interlude in spite of the fact that it is nine-tenths ruined by the idiotic and horrific facetiousness of the commentator!



# ROYAL GALA NIGHT

# AT COVENT GARDEN



MR. AND MRS. ANTHONY EDEN  
COME UNDER CAMERA FIRE



T.R.H. THE DUKE AND  
DUCHESS OF KENT



H.M. QUEEN MARY ARRIVING WITH  
H.R.H. THE PRINCESS ROYAL



LADY CLAUD HAMILTON AND LADY BEAUCHAMP



LORD AND LADY WEYMOUTH

(Below) LADY ISABEL GUINNESS AND THE DUCHESS OF RUTLAND



The dazzling scene in the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, when M. and Mme Lebrun were the guests of Their Majesties the King and Queen at the gala performance will not easily be forgotten. It was in very truth a marvellous sight, in which jewels and lovely frocks made a picture all to themselves. The Queen's dress, of flounced white tulle powdered with gold sequins, suited her exquisitely, and Queen Mary was, as ever, a regal figure in gold lamé. The Princess Royal wore pastel blue and silver brocade, and the Duchess of Kent, who arrived with the Duke of Kent just before the Queen Mother, was in pale gold, sequin embroidered. The Duchess of Rutland, with whom was her married daughter, Lady Isabel Guinness, wore white satin, with a large tulle bow on the left shoulder and a silver fox cape. Amongst innumerable other supporters of silver foxes were Lady Claud Hamilton, Lady Beauchamp, Lady Weymouth and Mrs. Anthony Eden; note the latter's velvet gloves



# Racing Ragout

By "GUARDRAIL"

I HAD an awe-inspiring dream on Thursday night. Owing to a German having lost money on Caerleon's Eclipse, when we arrived at Sandown it was found to have been occupied by Herr Hitler who had been asked to come to the aid of this new German minority. A pogrom had removed all except about three of our old friends on the rails and their places had been taken by Storm Troopers with orders to take all bets in "ready" sterling and pay out over winners in paper marks. Under a huge swastika, Karl Schweinhund, "the old firm for civility and prompt payment," merely denounced any successful backers as anti-Nazi and they were at once removed to a concentration camp. A general internment, however, was not ordered until it was discovered that the ovation accorded to the Führer, Goebbels and Goering was because the crowd thought they were Chaplin, Laurel and Hardy, and on finding out their error made a noise like tearing the mainsail of the *Endeavour*.

"It ain't 'arf Naughton," remarked the news vendor as he handed me my midday, a cryptic piece of rhyming information with which I heartily agreed. Really, I suppose it was glorious steeplechasing weather, as it didn't snow, sleet or hail all the time and there wasn't a trace of fog. Practically every soldier had brought his brightest and best girl-friend, wife, sweetheart or what not, and when all their faces were turned in the same direction watching a race it gave the prettiest effect possible, just like a herbaceous border of delphiniums. Let us hope that when the Führer elects to sack Riga and Copenhagen he will spare the lives of Messrs. Bols and Heering, for without their products jumping fans would be in a very poor way. Every one seemed to have won money on the day. Mr. Whitelaw's Embarrassed was perhaps the luckiest winner of the year, but not out of turn for his owner. Damascus, the chief danger, ran out and just as Boyo was coming to beat him a third horse, full of running, fell at the last fence right in front of Boyo, just enabling Embarrassed to win.

It is very interesting in the "past and present" races to read on the card the regiments of the owners. Some have nothing after their names, some belonged to the Fourth Reserve T.A. of some obscure corps evolved during the last war, others belonged to regiments long since defunct, such as the South Irish Horse, or as Mr. Lambton the West Derbyshire Militia. In this connexion someone asked the three G.O.M. of the Turf; selected without hesitation, "Buck" Barclay, George Lambton, and Ferrans!

Congratulations to Mr. Roddick on winning the Gold Cup for the third time in succession, and to Mr. Hanbury on the magnificent display of Away to be second after making the whole of the running under thirteen stone. It looked as though Santick lay too far out of his ground ever to take any part in the race, but probably the man on top knew best. Celebrations on Grand Military Night in London were about on the usual scale, but Messrs. Dollar and Grenfell were convinced there was a Walter Winchell in our midst on reading on the newspaper posters next morning, "Dollar goes up and down." "Monkey has night out."

I am in receipt of a complimentary copy of the new *Sporting Record*, which states on its front page that it is always prepared to admit it has been wrong while inside there is a particularly droll contribution by Uncle Regular. While I can laugh unrestrainedly at the latter, I and my union can never agree to the former remarkable breakaway from journalistic practice. The horse may be a "dog," the jockey crooked, the trainer incompetent, the judge blind, or the



AT THE K.D.G.'S POINT-TO-POINT

Captain and the Hon. Mrs. "Toby" (W. E. S.) Whetherly, the former Hon. Rosemary Lever, Lord Leverhulme's younger daughter. Captain Whetherly is about three-quarters of the way down on the captains' list in the K.D.G.'s. The point-to-point was run at Bill Hill Cross Roads, near Wokingham. The regiment is at Aldershot

"going" impossible, but a journalist wrong! Let's stick to the old ideas and keep our jobs.

Another publication received by the same mail mentioned the name of Frank Otter, which recalled the tale of him having been bored an entire evening in the club by a gentleman named Paul. Ringing him up at 3 a.m. and waiting till his wrath had subsided, he said: "I've been meaning to ask you all night, but you never gave me a chance to get a word in. Tell me, did you ever get an answer to that verbose letter you wrote to the Ephesians?"

As I write, Lincoln is in progress, but it is a meeting which I have little or no urge to attend. I understand that the town council is taking it over with the intention of making it resemble a modern race-course. The mile is to be straightened so that the draw is not the deciding factor, the road which runs right through everything is to be diverted, and I believe new stands are to be erected, possibly on the other side of the course, so that the prevailing wind will not blow straight in to them.

It is extraordinary how accurate are the touts and other "hijackers" of private information, and even at this meeting where there is no recent form by which to go, they pick out a lot of winners at all prices.

Personally, I spent the meeting at Newmarket, where, at 7.30 a.m. in a biting wind, such as only Newmarket can produce, we watched trials. My nose beat my eyes a short head, but nothing else seemed to run at all fast. Horses all over England are for the most part more forward than usual, and taking everything into consideration we should be in for a good season if this Teuton epidemic of smash and grab can be effectively countered.

## SOME POINT-TO-POINT FIXTURES (APRIL)

York and Ainsty, 4; Berkeley, 5; Household Brigade (B.F.) Military, 5; Meynell, 5; Fitzwilliam, 6; Badsworth (B.F.), 8; Berks and Bucks Farmers' Stagbonds, 8; Eglinton, 8; Fernie, 8; Hertfordshire, 8; Ledbury, 8; Lord Leconfield's, 8; Royal Artillery and R.A. (Aldershot), 8; South Oxfordshire, 8; West Somerset and Quantock, 8; Wheatland, 8; Wyllye Valley, 8; East Kent, 10; Eggesford, 10; Eridge (B.F.), 10; Essex Farmers, 10; Four Burrow, 10; North Cotswold, 10; North and South Shropshire, 10; South Notts, 10.



LADY SHEFFIELD AND FRED BUTTERS  
AT LINCOLN

Snapped just after Fred Butters had got off on the right leg in the first day by sending out Spinifex to win the Hainton Plate. Lady Sheffield is the wife of Sir Berkeley Sheffield



## LINCOLN OPENS THE RACING BALL



MAJOR NEWSUM, MR. W. JARVIS AND MISS BRIDGET JARVIS DISCUSS THE CARD



MRS. MICHAEL BEARY AND LADY ALEXANDRA EGERTON



MR. TOM STEVENSON AND MR. A. E. MCKINLAY PUSH MISS K. FARRAR TO THE FORE



MAJOR G. C. BUXTON STOPS FOR A FEW WORDS WITH THE HON. MRS. DIGBY



MISS K. FARRAR RECEIVES CONGRATULATIONS FROM MR. J. CLAYTON AND SIR JOHN ST. V. FOX



MISS MARY COMPTON AND MR. B. VAN CUTSEM IN THE PADDOCK

As is usual, the Flat-Racing Season opened on rather a subdued note, this year perhaps for more reasons than one; but, anyhow, quite a good day's racing was provided for those who went. Michael Beary—for whose wife see photograph number two—started off very well with a double, winning the Hainton Plate with Spinifex, at 100-8, and the Canwick Maiden Plate with Mauna Kea. It was good to see him riding just as well as ever after his accident at Warwick, where he injured his leg rather badly. For another winner, see Miss K. Farrar, who won the Tathwell Auction Plate with Dapple colt, thus providing Cliff Richards with his first win of the season. Mr. Tom Stevenson and Mr. A. E. McKinlay are joint owners of Jerome Fandor, a Lincolnshire winner in 1932. It is satisfactory to come across the announcement that at long last the Lincoln Mile is to be straightened. It will eliminate that undelightful uncertainty of the draw, upon which so much has depended in the past. The Lincoln has never been a good race upon which to have a bet, and is, in fact, a greater dip in the dark than even the Grand National. It has yet once again proved to be so! Squadron Castle 40 to 1!





Anthony

**MRS. KEITH NEWALL**

A recent portrait of a well-known hostess, especially in the world of ballet and music. Mrs. Keith Newall did all the decorations for the Gala performance at Covent Garden for the French President, and was responsible for the redecoration of Covent Garden last summer. She is chairman of the Vic-Wells Ballet Fund, and does a great deal of welfare work in the East End.

contemplation of the heavenly bodies, if only to realise for a brief moment that we are mere specks on a speck, infinitesimal as ants seen from a skyscraper and requiring a strong telescope in order to do so. It is so fatally easy to get all puffed up by our own importance, to worry about our worries, as if human destiny depended upon their solution, to see nothing but the human crowd, and to waste our lives trying to impress it with our wonder, and to feel embittered if we cannot strut through it with, or without, a by-your-leave. It does us good to feel occasionally the humility which springs from contemplation of the cosmic system against our own comparative nothingness. Not nearly enough of us do so. Instinctively we turn away from anything which appears to belittle our own human glory in this world, or, if there be one, the next. Thus the big business man blusters about in his own self-importance, and the society nit-wit believes she has achieved fame when she helps to launch a new fashion, and families and friends quarrel over trivial disputes as if there were all eternity to make them up in, and molehills are regarded as mountains when viewed over the garden wall—be they an achieved ambition, or the scoring of an ephemeral success, or merely the triumph over some disarmed opponent.

When men and women live face to face with something bigger than themselves they are never arrogant in the tinpot sense of arrogance. Really great men—great either in character or in some lasting achievement—are invariably humble, unless their triumph has been simply the triumph over other human beings. Bring them up against the mystery of life and death, nature or the stars, and their pride small indeed, though, in its inner humility, it achieves an inner greatness. That is why it is so good for all of us to

# WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING

## Tales of the Heavens.

**M**OST of us don't look at the stars often enough, or long enough when we do happen to glance, usually casually, in their direction. We go through life merely gazing at things below, or on the level with, our own eyes, and, metaphorically speaking, get consequently all proud and bumptious when we happen to stand on a molehill, imagining it to be a mountain. Therefore it does us all good to pause for a while in

contemplate the stars and to wonder, feeling ourselves infinitesimally small. It gives you a queer sensation to stand in the middle of Piccadilly Circus, or elsewhere where the human hive is frantically busy over its little affairs and amusements, and then suddenly to raise your eyes to the night sky and try to grasp something of the meaning of that calm immensity.

It gives you an even queerer sensation when you read a book like Mary Proctor's "Everyman's Astronomy" (The Scientific Book Club; price indefinite, but you can purchase the book for 2s. 6d. if you be a member). One's brain reels at the unimaginable immensity of the Cosmic plan—so almost unbelievably vast and, apparently, for so mysterious a purpose, if any. Take, for instance, these few lines culled from the chapter, "Suns in Flames": "It is estimated that the distance of Nova Persei is about 330 light-years. Therefore, the tremendous stellar conflagration we witnessed in 1901 actually took place about the time of the Spanish Armada, yet the news transported on the wings of light, with a speed of over 186,000 miles a second, did not reach us until 330 light-years later."

Again to quote: "Regarding the size of Mira, measurements recently made at the Mount Wilson Observatory reveal the astounding fact that its diameter at maximum is 260,000,000 miles, so that, if it were hollowed out, there would be ample room for the sun at the centre, and planets, Mercury, Venus, the Earth and Mars, to circle around it, with a goodly margin to spare between the orbit of Mars and the inner surface of the star. Could a tunnel be made through the centre of this giant star there would be room within for three hundred globes the diameter of the sun placed side by side." I try to grasp what it all means, but I give it up! Nevertheless, I am enthralled. Could anyone fail to be? Yet at the same time I am appalled. Astronomy is such an inexhaustible subject; the greatest scientists have, as yet, only touched its fringe. To the ordinary lay mind the plan is so stupendous that the imagination cannot grasp it. Moreover, if only we could understand the purpose of it all! The birth and the destruction of human life is mysterious enough, but the birth and destruction of whole worlds is more mysterious still. Mysterious as it always will be where relentless calculation appears to have all the purposelessness of blind chance. Yet what a fascinating study! And how engrossing such a study is when its main discoveries are so simply explained, as they are by Miss Proctor in this enthralling book.

To understand the complete marvel of the heavens is impossible, but to grasp merely something of that marvel is as an enlightenment through self-humiliation. Moreover, she shows us how amateurs can also make their own observations—either through the possession of a telescope, or even a pair of field-glasses, or by means of a camera. Her chapters on the great meteors are exceedingly interesting. Did you know that diamonds have formed the composition of some of them? I didn't. But to run back to frivolity as an escape from the sense of littleness engendered by immensity: what a pleasantly novel turn such a discovery might make in the lives of a heroine's fallen family fortunes, as a change from a lucky lottery ticket, or the hero's despised hunter happily turning out to be the winner of the Grand National. Nevertheless, one's real interest remains rather with the chapter describing the double-stars, sometimes even clusters of stars, which appear as one, and such lines as these, written in the chapter entitled, "Other Marvels of the Northern Skies": "A recent estimate of the distance of the globular cluster in Hercules, which is the subject of considerable uncertainty, places it so far away from us that light,

(Continued on page 568)

**JOHN KENT**

The well-known short-story writer, whose prize-winning thriller, "Give Me Liberty," has just been published by Ward Lock. This author has travelled very widely and for a time lived in New York, which accounts for much of the setting of his new novel. The story starts right away at 90 m.p.h., and the pace is kept up all the way through. Dialogue a most excellent feature





Clapperton

LORD HAIG'S COMING-OF-AGE PARTY AT BEMERSYDE, ST. BOSWELLS

Lord Haig was born on March 15, 1918, that is—a few days before his father's now historic "backs to the wall" order to the British Armies covering Amiens. The great German onset broke upon us on March 21. The party at Bemersyde was fittingly a young people's gathering, and was a thoroughly hearty success. Lord Haig and his sisters and brother-in-law are in the front row of the above group; the full key to which is this: (Left to right, back) Mr. Gavin Astor, Lord Hartington, the Hon. Rodney Berry, and Lord Ednam; (second row) Lady Jean Ogilvy, the Hon. Ursula Mills, Mr. Tom Egerton, the Hon. Deborah Mitford, Lord Lansdowne, Lady Bridget Elliot, and Mr. Philip Profumo; (in front) Lady Irene Haig, Lady Alexandra Haig, Lord Haig, Lady Victoria Scott, and Mr. Andrew Scott



Poole, Dublin

MR. TONY CLARK AND LADY ELIZABETH ANNESLEY AT MAZE RACES



Truman Howell

A RECENT ENGAGEMENT: MISS CONSTANCE WELD AND MR. SIMON SCROPE



ALSO ENGAGED: THE HON. N. H. VILLIERS AND MISS MARY FORESTER

These three pictures have mainly to do with matrimony. The engagement of Lord Clarendon's son to Miss Mary Cecilia Forester, daughter of Major the Hon. Edric and Lady Victoria Forester, is of quite recent occurrence, and so is that of Miss Weld, grand-daughter of the late Sir Frederick Weld, whose family dates back to Norman times, and Mr. Scrope, a cadet of the ancient Yorkshire family. As to the other picture, Mr. Tony Clark, youngest Member of the Parliament of Northern Ireland, and son of Sir George Clark, got up and rode his own steed in the March Hurdle race at Maze. Lady Elizabeth Annesley is the wife of Mr. Gerald Annesley, well-known trainer, and a daughter of Lord and Lady Roden



## WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

travelling at the rate of eleven million miles a minute, would require nearly forty thousand years to reach us. So that, on that eventful night at the Yerkes Observatory, the Hercules cluster was not seen as it was then, but as it appeared *forty thousand years ago*, when its message started earthward."

Impossible for the mind to grasp—my mind, anyway. Yes, really I must now get up and put the cat out. Only thus can I return to the normal attitude of asking Mrs. Smith in to tea next Wednesday, knowing I shall be rather relieved when she is gone. Only thus can I feel a little bit as if I, too, were the centre of some kind of a hemisphere, and so believe myself important enough to go on dreaming my dreams of a personal eternity. Which consolation, without significance though it may be, is human life and how to get on with it.

## Village Life.

Get on with it, by taking an interest in the accumulation of little things which make up its pattern, having, perhaps, one central ideal to lend this pattern some pretence of a divine design. The kind of pattern, in fact, which old Mr. Wickham wove for himself in Anna Gordon Keown's new story, "Wickham's Fancy" (Macmillan; 7s. 6d.). To the inhabitants of the villages of Little and Great Dewberry Mr. Wickham was a mystery. Now the worst of being a mystery in any village—or elsewhere, in fact—is that each neighbour has his—usually her—own solution, and, human imagination being socially what it is, the solution is invariably baleful. People began to whisper. Especially as Mr. Wickham lived alone in an old house called World's End; but that was the only arty-and-craftiness about him really. Otherwise he was a hale and hearty old chap with a heart of gold.

Around the mystery of him the village, so to speak, revolved. They simply could not make him out. Especially that friend of his, about whom he was always talking, but who never once materialised. Mr. Wickham and his friend came, so to speak, into everything, and between them did marvels in settling disputes, making people happy, ending misunderstandings and quarrels, and clearing away suspicion. So the theme of the tale is really a series of charming little personal life-stories, each life-story concerning someone in the village; and in and out wandered Mr. Wickham and his unseen friend—the most potent influence of all, yet always absent. And as Mr. Wickham grew older and began to decline in health, so the villagers heard more and more of the power and influence of Mr. Wickham's friend, until, at the very end, it is revealed that Mr. Wickham's friend is none other than God.

Well, some people may find the story somewhat cloying in its sweetness; others will welcome it with joy. For myself, its charm grew upon me, and never once did I find its sentiment merely sickly. Perhaps this was because I was so relieved

to discover that this simple tale of village life was not written from that unreal angle which presupposes that a rural community is made up entirely of repressions—with all their evil and ugly complications. As if living quietly close to nature were spiritually more detrimental than living close to cinemas and shops. On those authors and readers to whom the type of story, which Stella Gibbons ridiculed so brilliantly in "Cold Comfort Farm," still appeals as a true picture of rural life, "Wickham's Fancy" will make no impression. Among others—those others who don't object to whimsy when it is well done, and who like a pretty story, charmingly told—it should be very popular.

## Some Delightful Short Stories.

The other day I read an advertisement, inserted by a woman who wanted to give her heart and soul, for a consideration, to some Noble Christian Cause. Among her qualifications, she wrote, was the ability to bring tears to the eyes—presumably of any hearer who happened to be listening. I was rather reminded of this while reading

some of the stories contained in I. A. R. Wylie's volume of tales "The Young in Heart" (Cassell; 8s. 6d.). Miss Wylie is an expert at the kind of emotional effect she wishes to make. Usually she succeeds admirably, but there are moments when you can almost stand aside while you are reading to watch her at her craftsmanship. Even so, the effect intended is not lessened thereby; but her gift, perhaps, is best hidden in the story which gives the book its title, simply because, beneath the outward seriousness of it, there is a delightfully humorous idea.

Maybe you have seen the film which has been successfully made around this story of a family of four adventurers, who plan to batten upon a dear old lady, and gradually are reformed themselves, always with surprising results, and often with hilarious ones. Their desperate struggle to escape this astonishing virtue, which is gradually taking possession of them, is as amusing as anything I have read for a long time. Other stories included in the book have a purely grim side. Especially memorable is the one which concerns an obscure, timid, yet

valiant-hearted little clerk, who, in order that his small son may be proud of him—"what his daddy did in the Great War"—joined up and subsequently won the V.C. After the war, however, poverty overtook the family, and when the son grows up he turns on his father to tell him that the disaster was all due to his imprudence in joining up. All these stories are worth reading, though a few among them are purely magazine and forgettable. However, the settings are pleasantly varied—England, France and America being backgrounds; and when Miss Wylie is good—as she is so often in this book—she is very, very good indeed. I have in fact, rarely enjoyed a volume of short stories so much for a long time.

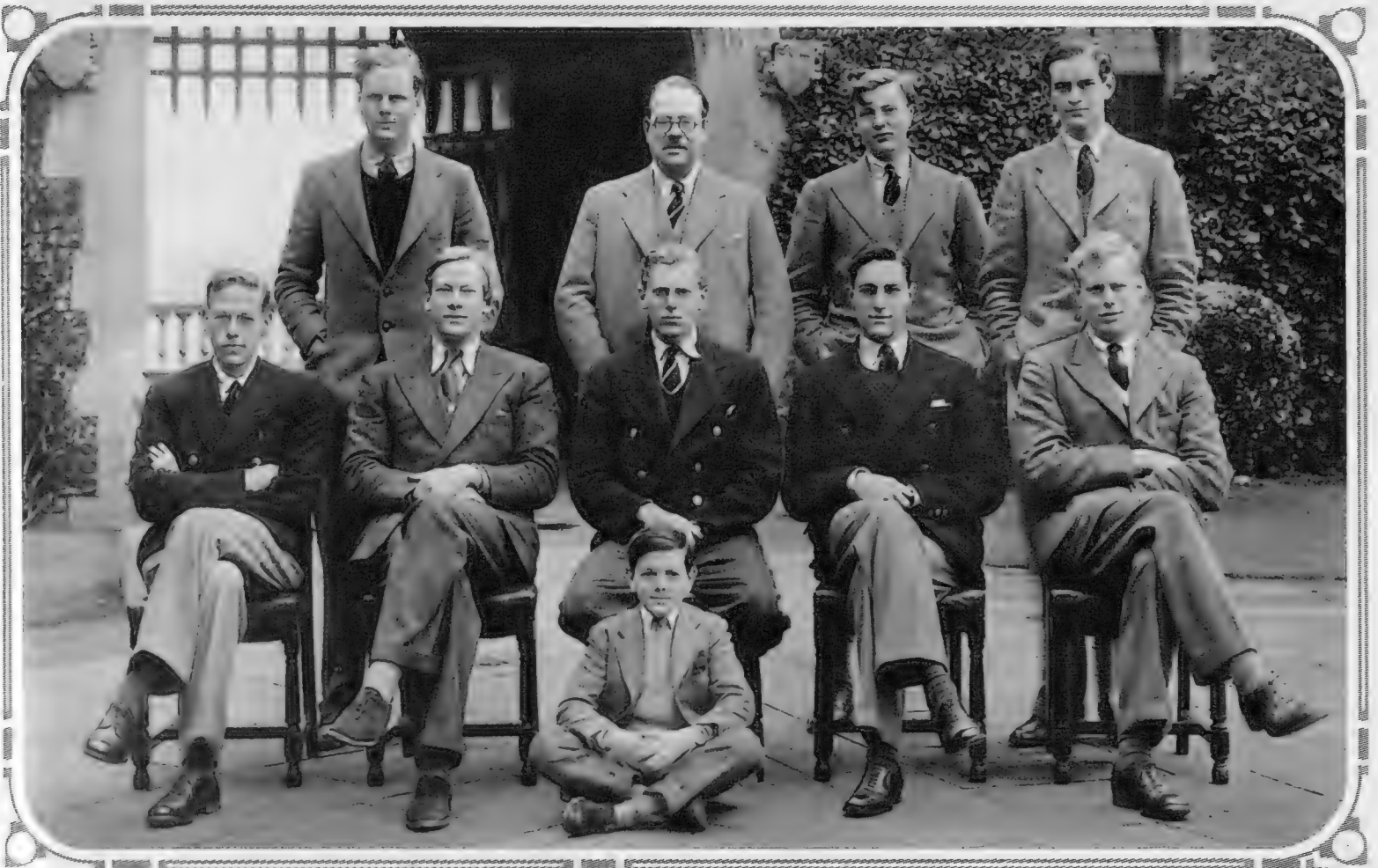


MISS NOREEN BAILEY

The youngest daughter of Sir Abe and the Hon. Lady Bailey, who was presented by her mother at their Majesties' Second Court on March 15. Sir Abe Bailey is one of the most popular, and also most successful owners on the Turf. He was sixth in the winning owners' list last season

Vandagh





Sunbeam Photo., Margate

#### THE OXFORD CREW AND COACH AT BROADSTAIRS

A group taken at Kingsgate Castle, where the crew were relaxing

The names are: (back row, l. to r.) R. D. Burnell (Eton and Magdalen), G. O. Nickalls (coach), R. M. A. Bourne (Eton and New), A. G. Slembeck (St. Edward's and St. Edmund Hall); (seated) G. Huse (Upper Latymer and Oriol), F. A. L. Waldon (Shrewsbury and Trinity), J. L. Garton (Eton and Magdalen), H. A. W. Forbes (St. Paul's and Magdalen), and R. R. Stewart (Eton and Magdalen); (on ground) H. P. V. Massey (Cox)

Mr. Nickalls did not allow any violent outdoor exercise whilst the Oxford crew were at Broadstairs, and so they had to put the time in with darts, ping-pong, and skittles. When they got back to the river, however, coach saw to it that they got plenty of outdoor exercise. Oxford, a heavier crew than Cambridge, are favourites for the event of April 1, and are rated a very powerful proposition. Oxford's very light-weight cox, H. P. V. Massey (5 st. 2 lb.), is so small that he has had to have a special seat built for him on the stern canvas, otherwise he would not have been able to see where they were heading. Although Oxford are the favourites at the time of going to press, Cambridge are far from friendless, and their good row in the early part of last week stamps them as a fast crew with plenty of those qualities which win races. The pundits proclaim them a crew of good watermen. This means so much



#### THE CAMBRIDGE CREW AT HURLINGHAM

The names (from front to back) are: H. T. Smith (Eton and Magdalene; cox), C. B. Sanford (Eton and Trinity Hall; stroke), M. Buxton (Eton and Third Trinity), J. Turnbull (Geelong and Clare), H. Parker (Tabor Academy, U.S.A., and Trinity Hall), J. L. L. Savill (Radley and Jesus), A. Burrough (St. Paul's and Jesus), A. M. Turner (Cranleigh and Corpus), and C. N. C. Addison (Roborough and Pembroke; bow)





Stuart

## SIX PAST AND PRESENT OXFORD GOLF BLUES

A notable bag by the camera at Rye, the day that the Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society beat the Oxford University side by an aggregate of 10 to 7. The skippers and their dates are: C. J. H. Tolley (1920-21), R. H. Oppenheimer (1925-26-27-28), J. J. F. Pennink (1933-34-35) (Amateur Champion, 1938), A. A. Duncan (1934-35-36), K. B. Scott (1935-36-37-38), J. C. Lawrie (1937-38)

ONE crisis succeeds another, each more critical than the last, and it is an impossible task to sit down and write light-heartedly on such a trivial topic as the game of golf at the moment seems to be. They are testing the air-raid sirens to-night, and for all we know, they may be planting potatoes on the Hoylake fairways before we have time to play the Championship there. I can't help wondering how all my good friends in Germany feel about this business, those normal, natural folk who welcome us over there each summer with such abounding hospitality. They talk the same language, laugh at the same jokes as we do. It cannot be their wish to stir up the hatred of the civilised world. Or the kind friends at whose invitation only a month or two ago I spent five enchanting days lecturing in Bremen and Hamburg. How sincerely delighted they were at the Munich Agreement. "Why should we have anything to fear from each other after that?" they kept asking me. I think I know what they must be feeling now.

Still, it's a dismal topic, and I suppose there's nothing we can do about it. When this appears, we shall, by kind permission of Herr Hitler, be starting the *Daily Mail* tournament on one of Bournemouth's public courses; Queen's Park. The winner, I think, will be Alfred Padgham—my only reason for saying so being that he had to play off a tie in order to squeeze into the last qualifying place at Sunningdale. I should like to see him do well, for he has had a thoroughly lean time since he rather inadvisedly went on a tour of South Africa at the end of his astonishing season in 1936. He is a fine golfer—I have heard Cotton go into rhapsodies about his play—and a fine fellow, the sort of man of whom no one speaks an uncharitable word. If he could only regain that magic touch on the greens!

## CONCERNING GOLF

By HENRY LONGHURST

The qualifying rounds were not without incident. Pat Mahon, the Irishman, had a great story of the consternation caused when he landed at Holyhead. Asked bluntly if he had any "ammunition," he replied that, yes, he had a Blaster. Then there was Cecil Denny, proving that, even for the best of them there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the edge of the green. No one broke 70 on the new Jubilee course at Sunningdale, where they had the flags in some pretty weird places, but Denny needed a 4 for a 69. The eighteenth was scarcely within reach of two shots, and he did well to finish on the short edge of the green in two. Pitching boldly for the flag, he just overran the green, but a simple pitch back left him putting from five feet for his five. He finished in seven. On the following day, he was going great guns on the Old Course, when he pushed his drive at the fourteenth. Bunkered in two, still bunkered in three, out in four, on in five, and down in eight! Luckily, it did not matter, for he qualified with ease. Still, it only goes to show—I don't know quite what.

I wish that amateurs had a chance of playing in some of these big professional tournaments. It would give them valuable experience, as well as adding much to the entertainment and, I venture to predict, to the gate money. And it could hardly do the pro's any harm, as the prize-money would be left untouched. Apart from the Prince of Wales's Cup at Prince's, Sandwich, there is nothing in the way of a 72-holes' stroke competition for amateurs. The omission is to be repaired, as you will have read, by the English Golf Union, who will hold a kind of unofficial stroke-play championship for a cup presented by Lieut.-Colonel Moore-Brabazon, M.P. The first tournament will be held at Hoylake, on October 4-6, and should attract every one of England's leading amateurs.

"Brab," with his usual dry humour, informed the company at the English Golf Union's dinner the other day, that he thought the office of their president, which he was relinquishing on the morrow, ought to be invested with a little more pomp and splendour. The president might, for instance, be permitted to play at each of their thousand and one affiliated clubs without payment of the usual green fee. Visiting one club, he said, he appended after his name, not a golf club, but the words, "English Golf Union"—whereupon the steward pointed out that members of artisan clubs were not eligible to play there!

Still, the status of the E.G.U. is gradually increasing. The next step is to encourage a little competition for the honour of representing one's county at the meetings of its committee—with the exception, that is, of Bedfordshire, which I have the honour to represent myself. Rivalry with St. Andrews, presuming it ever existed—which is not admitted—has now positively ceased, and co-operation between the two bodies has been much strengthened by the election of Captain Angus Hambro, M.P., as deputy-president, with the acknowledged assumption that he will succeed Captain Stanley Bright as president next year. He was captain of the Royal and Ancient ten years ago, and has been a shining light at St. Andrews for upwards of thirty years.



Balmain

## ENGLAND'S RUGGER SIDE AT NORTH BERWICK

Our International side which beat Scotland in Edinburgh for the Calcutta Cup by 9 points to 6, put in the time before the great battle playing golf on the agreeable North Berwick course. In the picture are (l. to r.) G. E. Hancock, H. B. Toft (captain), R. H. Guest, J. Heaton and R. L. S. Carr. H. B. Toft and J. Heaton were principally responsible for England's victory at Murrayfield.



# DINING AND WINING WITH THE GOLFERS



## BUSH HILL PARK GOLF CLUB ANNUAL DINNER—By "MEL"

There was an excellent muster of members and their friends at the annual dinner and dance of that delightful club, the Bush Hill Park Golf Club, at the Connaught Rooms recently. The course is one of the most charming to be found near London, and abounds in numerous varieties of beautiful trees. The dinner and dance was a great success, and was followed by a splendid cabaret. The toast of "The Captain" was proposed by the President, Mr. H. J. Teare, to which Mr. E. G. Sims responded, and that of "The Guests" was entrusted to Mr. A. Adams, who proposed it in the right "spirit" (subtle joke—"Mel"). The captain of Crews Hill Golf Club, Mr. H. Beadle, responded



## IN JAMAICA



MISS PEGGY HAMILTON COMES IN FROM A BATHE AT MONTEGO BAY



AT TORRE GARDA: LADY RICHARDS, MRS. ALLAN YOUNGER, MISS DAMEN, BRIGADIER YOUNGER, MICHAEL RICHARDS, MISS STELLA WHITEHEAD, AND FRASER RICHARDS

## AND NASSAU



CAPTAIN HUGO ANSON, RIFLE BRIGADE, GOES CALLING AT MONTEGO BAY



FISHING AT NASSAU: MISS MARSYL STOKES



MRS. PETER ARNO LOOKS OUT

Here is more West Indian news. The camera reports that Torre Garda, a charming hotel high up in the famed Blue Mountains of Jamaica, recently had a visit from Lady Richards, wife of H.E. Sir Arthur Richards, Captain-General and Governor-in-Chief. Lady Richards took her two young sons,



MRS. "BOB" JOHNSON AND MR. "BILLY" CLYDE

Fraser and Michael, with her, also her sister, Miss Whitehead, Brigadier Allan Younger, who is on a Mission to Jamaica, and Mrs. Younger. Flanking this pleasant party at the top of the page are two other Jamaica pictures. Pretty actress Peggy Hamilton (her last part was in *Idiot's Delight*) is staying at the Marvista Hotel, Montego Bay. Captain Hugo Anson, son of the Hon. Claud and Lady Clodagh Anson, is a Jamaican resident, being Staff Officer, Local Forces. Nassau contributes: Mrs. Henry Drummond-Wolff's daughter, Miss Marsyl Stokes, and catch, at Mr. Harold Christie's fish-bowl party; the former Miss "Timmy" Lansing, wife of America's leading cartoonist, leaning out of Mr. Frazier Jelke's yacht; Mrs. "Bob" Johnson and Mr. "Billy" Clyde, ashore at the Porcupine Club from Mr. "Bob" Johnson's sailing-yacht. Mr. Clyde, a crack ski-er, was A.D.C. to the Hon. Sir Bede Clifford, Governor of Mauritius when Sir Bede was Governor of the Bahamas

# LORD AND LADY GEORGE SCOTT AT THEIR MAJESTIES' THIRD COURT

Lady George Scott, the former Miss Molly Bishop, was presented on her marriage at the third Court by the Dowager Duchess of Buccleuch, her mother-in-law. Her wedding to the Duke of Buccleuch's younger brother took place at St. Margaret's, Westminster, on December 16 last year, and was attended by T.R.H. the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, his Royal Highness, like the bridegroom, being a 10th Royal Hussar and Colonel-in-Chief of the Regiment. The 10th's Levée dress has breeches of the same attractive colour as the 11th Hussars, called by some "The Cherubims," or some such similar sounding name, and by others "The Cherry-Pickers." Like so many others in his regiment, Lord George Scott is keen on riding between the flags, and has been performing recently on his own horse at Windmill Hill, Sandown, and so forth. The 10th seem to have a mortgage on the Grand Military, as Major Mark Roddick has won it three times off the reel: 1937 on Buck Willow; last year on Kilstar; and this year on Fillip. We regret to learn that Lady George Scott has had to undergo an operation for appendicitis. The latest news is, however, that she is going on satisfactorily and all her friends naturally wish her a speedy recovery

Fayer, Grosvenor Street





## THE TIPPERARY HUNT BALL



MR. JOHN DE LA POER AND HIS FIANCEE,  
MISS FAY VEEVERS-CARTER, PREFER BRIDGE



LORD WILLIAM BERESFORD AND MISS FREIDA  
KEANE SAT ONE OUT



SIR WILLIAM BLUNDEN AND MISS KITTY  
DOBBS BRIDGE THE DANCE INTERVALS



MISS ANNE GREGORY AND  
SIR ERNEST GOFF REST AWHILE



MR. DICK RUSSELL, M.F.H., THE MARCHIONESS OF  
WATERFORD AND MISS JEAN COCHRANE, M.F.H.



Photos: Poole, Dublin  
VISCOUNTESS SUIRDALE WITH  
MR. JOHN ALEXANDER, M.F.H.



MAIDS OF THE BAR: MRS. A. MASTERS,  
M.F.H., AND MISS JOAN BUCKMASTER

After a week of scares and alarms perpetrated by little Adolf and his boy friends, it is a relief to turn our attention to things which go to make this life as pleasant as it can be, all things considered. One event which contributed to this was the Tipperary Hunt Ball, which was held at Kilmanahan Castle, on Lord Donoughmore's estate. All Eire seems to have been there, and among them was Lord William Beresford, a former Master of the Waterford Hounds and at present Hon. Sec.; his partner, Miss Keane, is a daughter of the late Lieut.-Col. R. H. Keane. Miss Anne Gregory is to join Miss Anne Hickman in the Mastership of the West Waterford next season. Sir Ernest Goff is the well-known Irish amateur rider. Two more M.F.H.s were seen in the persons of Mr. Dick Russell, the present "joint" of the Waterford, and Miss Jean Cochrane, who is "joint" with Mrs. Masters of the Tipperary. Lady Suirdale is the wife of Lord Donoughmore's son and heir, and is a regular follower of the Tipperary. Mr. John Alexander is joint-Master with Mr. Christopher Furness of the Limerick. The former is a son-in-law of Mrs. Hall, Master of the Carlow, who has bred a very fine pack of hounds. Miss Buckmaster is Gladys Cooper's daughter, and is hunting in Tipperary this season. The Duchess of St. Albans is a daughter of the fifth Marquess of Lansdowne, and her husband is a D.L. for Co. Waterford



MRS. BEST AND THE DUCHESS OF  
ST. ALBANS ON THEIR WAY TO SUPPER

# THE V.W.H. (LORD BATHURST'S) POINT-TO-POINT



MRS. HUGH RYCROFT (AND FAMOUS DOG), SIR HERBERT INGRAM,  
MRS. GODDARD AND MAJOR HUGH RYCROFT (CLERK OF THE COURSE)



MISS JOHNEEN BARTHOLOMEW, THE HON. DIANA HOLLAND-  
HIBBERT, LADY KNUTSFORD AND COL. WILSON-FITZGERALD



THE HON. DIANA HOLLAND-HIBBERT,  
MISS HARBORD-HAMOND AND MISS  
DEBORAH BIRKBECK



THE FARMERS' RACE: MR. J. WHITE ON  
EYRECOURT (2nd), MR. G. PHILLIPS  
ON MANNA BOY (WINNER)



STEWARDS: COLONEL B. W. ROBINSON  
AND LORD BATHURST, M.F.H.,  
IN CONFERENCE!

Photos.: W. Dennis Moss

They had bumper fields in the majority of the races in the card at Siddington, where Lord Bathurst ran his point-to-point, and the whole countryside mobilised to go out and see the fun. They had only five in the Farmers' Race, which Mr. G. Phillips won on his father's Manna Boy, a very nicely-turned horse by Manna, the Derby winner of 1925; and they also had a small field for the Members' Race, which was won by Mr. Hugh Adamthwaite's Black Ivory—but how about twenty-four runners for the Adjacent Hunts'; fifteen for the Open Nomination, sixteen for the Adjacent Hunts' Farmers', and a lucky seven for the Old Etonians' Race. Incidentally, the Hon. Dick Samuel, joint-Master of the Warwickshire, got a right and left on his own horses: the Open and the Old Etonian contest. Lord Bathurst, as usual, had a genial smile for everyone, and his joint's wife, Lady Knutsford, and only daughter, the Hon. Diana Holland-Hibbert, are in some of these pictures, though the M.F.H. himself was clever enough to elude the camera. Lady Knutsford kindly gave away the cups after the last race



# ENTERTAINMENTS à la CARTE

## Twice-Nightly

By  
J. B.  
PLATNAUER



COLISEUM COLLECTION:  
(TOP) ROUGH-AND-TUMBLE:  
ARNAUD, PEGGY AND READY;  
(CENTRE) SLIGHT SLEIGHT OF  
HAND: ERIKSON, "THE MAY-  
FAIR MAGICIAN"; (BOTTOM)  
"IT TAKES AN IRISH HEART  
TO SING AN IRISH SONG"  
JACK DALY

TOMTIT

THERE are fashions in theatrical entertainments as in everything else. Occasionally they are permanent, or, at any rate, leave their mark; more often they are mere passing tendencies, as short-lived as this year's crinoline note in frocks.

Not long ago there was a slump in Variety. Like the poor old theatre itself, Variety was dead so they said. Killed by the cinema, the sports car, the open-air swimming-pool, the weather, or last week's crisis. To-day, in spite, or perhaps because of some of these factors it is very much alive whether labelled plain music-hall, continuous revue, intimate revue, frolick, rollick or rag. There's a public for twice-nightly houses, 6.30 or 9, and Variety is about all you can squeeze into those times to cater alike for the needs of the tired business girl and the positively worn-out débutante; for high tea-ites and late dinner-dancers. It may be the result of cinema competition, but I suspect the servant shortage has more to do with it. Hence *Black and Blue* at the Hippodrome, nearly revue, not quite music-hall, and labelled "intimate rag."

Perhaps the "intimate" refers to Compère Vic Oliver's cheerful rudeness to "the customers," as they say at the Palladium. Thus—

"It's grand to be alive folks—try it some time."

"People think I'm crazy, but how about you?—You've paid to get in."

The customers always enjoy that.

This engaging entertainer with a big smile and a Yiddo-American accent gives a running and utterly irrelevant commentary on a newsreel film by the Pomont Skittish News ("the nose and throat of the world"), tells why he likes girls with glasses ("I blow on the spectacles and they can't see what I'm doing"), and provides the most hilarious ten minutes of the show with some horrible violin playing—"it may not be de best you've ever heard, but by Gard it's de best you're going to get to-night," while sandwichmen parade behind him with notices such as "Don't regret having bought stalls, it sounds just as lousy from the gallery."

Mention Frances Day, and one thinks of impersonations. Only two this time, the Bergner and the Neagle, ingeniously woven into a Hollywood satire, but more of Frances Day as her clever self, better at comedy than at sentiment.

Most novel entertainment was the oldest, older than a comedian's oldest joke—marionettes. Mr. Bob Bromley's diminutive diva, complete with heaving bosom and *vibrata*



HITS AT THE HIPPODROME:  
(TOP) FAUST AND FURIOUS:  
GOUNOD WITH A LITTLE  
SWING BY FRANCES DAY  
(MARGUERITE), VIC OLIVER  
(MEPHISTO), MAX WALL (FAUST);  
(BELOW) PERSONALITY IN PARVO:  
BOB BROMLEY AND HIS MARIONETTES

posterior, his lazy coon tap-dancer and his temperamental pianist, have more personality in their little wooden bodies than many a flesh-and-it star.

There are Lustral Lovelies (which is the posh name for chorus girls), opera burlesque, Mr. Max Wall in oddities and crudities, a little nudeness in the name of art, and an astonishing trio of contortionists among those who make up a well-balanced two hours' entertainment. What more can one want between 6.30 and 9 if it's the cook's night out?

The Coliseum, after ambitious excursions into other forms of entertainment, has once more returned to its former rôle of variety, but judging by the bill I saw, it is hitching its wagon to B.B.C. stars.

Where are the music-hall turns of yesteryear? We had to listen to a "radio comedy commentator" (with impersonations of broadcasters which one might or might not recognise); to a "celebrated B.B.C. vocalist" and to "Radio's Wizard of the Piano." All admirable in their way, but presumably at least as good on the air as behind the footlights, otherwise they would not be Radio's celebrated this and that. Other times, other manners. Perhaps Marie Lloyd and Little Tich would to-day be billed "Direct from Broadcasting House in their latest success, 'Here is an S O S.'"

More in keeping with music-hall character was that cheerful Irish comedian, debonair Jack Daly, who, if he isn't a radio star, certainly ought to be; a trio of rough-and-tumblers somewhat challengingly labelled "Variety's funniest burlesque dancers"; and Murray and Mooney, a tramp-and-dude act with really funny backchat. There was also Les Ballets de la Jeunesse, with a buxom *corps de ballet* for those who like that sort of thing.

The Coliseum programme is changed weekly. Perhaps next week's bill will be better.







ANNIE FRANCE

This eighteen-year-old blonde French film-actress is the latest discovery of Pierre Carron, the well-known *régisieur*, in whose new picture, *My Uncle and My Parson*, she co-stars with Germaine Aussey. A star at eighteen, she will probably end up as an aurora borealis

**T**RÈS CHER,—The *bruit de bottes* is ringing even louder than last September, but, apparently, familiarity breeds contempt and, at time o' writing, the sounds of strife seem to afford as good a lullaby as any other noise to which one is accustomed. Certainly the horny-handed sons of the pick, shovel, hod or brush have not been startled into speeding up their everyday jobs. The factories—ammunition, arms or otherwise—may be working overtime, but the average workman still takes his entire Saturday, as well as the normal Sabbath, for recuperation after five short, eight-hour days of dishonest toil. I speak bitterly of this from painful experience. The old-world street in which we live, on the Left Bank, has been gutted from end to end, and from pavement curb to pavement curb, in order to discover an elusive leakage from the gas-main. The traffic, and therefore all business, is at a standstill. There is some urgency, therefore, in getting the work completed as soon as possible, for the communal good of all concerned, but the communal good invariably seems to be the last thing that Labour thinks about, if one may judge by the leisurely way work is accomplished, and the frequency of the visits, during working hours, to the *marchand du vin*.

Troubles never come singly, and while the road gangs dawdle in the street, the interior of our house is being ripped from ground floor to roof in order that some faulty flues may be rebuilt. Here, again, the workers have gone to rest their weary muscles. They downed tools at tea-time on Friday, and the next 'ammer, 'ammer will not be heard before 8 a.m. on Monday. For five or ten minutes there will be a crashing sound of blows, and then, having announced their presence with fracas, our "aristocrats of toil" (one of Léon Blum's little *clichés*) will go "kill the worm" with strong waters or glasses of *petit bleu*. Small things show the way the wind blows, but it would be wrong to attach too much importance to the straws that go to make up

would all go quite a long way to be judged by Mr. Chris Houlker, who is such a fine all-round connoisseur, and a most popular personage in canine circles. There was a marvellous batch of Cairn terriers, and, as usual, Mr. Ogden Bishop's "Venterol" kennels got away with everything. A thirteen-months-old dog, Morair of Venterol, took Firsts (and a C.A.C.) in the "Open," the "Puppy," and the

*Elevage National* classes. Mme. J. A. Fabre's Kind Lady of Prainville was a lovely bitch, and as sporting a little "dawg" as her mistress is a sporting exhibitor, which is paying the ultimate compliment. Mme. Chamart-Hérault's English and French champion Skye, Holmesdale Fergus, was the finest Skye in the show, and my tyke, Intran de la Charmardière, from Mme. Chamart-Hérault's kennels, to whom Mr. Houlker gave his first "First" in the Puppy Class three years ago, took Firsts in the Open and *Elevage National* classes as well as an A.C. certificate. Mrs. Olivier Allard's Daphne of Bazizoo and Brenda of Meerend took Firsts in the O. and E.N., and Mme. Allard had the honour of a close-up from the Movie-News man, who was a lad of discernment and good taste. The famous Luchar kennels were not represented this year, as Mr. and Mrs. Williamson acted as ring stewards and had no time to show their own lovely Skyes; the A.T.E.-ites hope they will be rewarded for their altruism at the Centrale Canine Show in Paris next June. Miss Ada M. King, lecturer, philosopher, epicure, and, in her spare moments, breeder of the best West Highland Whites in France, carried all before her in the "bitches' open class" of that breed, and also with a charming Dandie Dinmont bitch in the E.N. class, while Mr. Robert Caldwell's dog, McTarrash of Venterol, swept up everything else in sight. The run home was uneventful, although Miss Chryslar—may her shadow never grow less—has started on her fourteenth year of constant usage—which is some going!

PRISCILLA.



THE DIVINE SARAH PICTURED AT THE HEIGHT OF HER GREAT FAME

There never has been and probably never will be another Sarah Bernhardt, the greatest actress France and the world have ever seen. She made her début at the Comédie Française in 1862 at the age of seventeen. In 1879 she came to London for a short season and from there she set out on a tour of conquest, playing chiefly in *Adrienne Lecouvreur*, which she wrote herself, *Frou Frou* and *La Dame aux Camélias*. The last play, perhaps, was her greatest. In 1923, just as she was about to start acting for the films, she was taken ill and died quite suddenly



# STARS OF "WUTHERING HEIGHTS"



MERLE OBERON AS CATHY  
AND LAURENCE OLIVIER AS HER  
SOMBRE LOVER, HEATHCLIFF

Samuel Goldwyn's picturisation of the Emily Brontë classic, *Wuthering Heights*, grim and poignant story of loves and hates in the wild setting of Yorkshire moors, is confined to the first generation of its emotion-rent characters. Except for this simplification and that the death of Heathcliff is made to come shortly after that of Cathy, the screen version follows the first half of the novel very closely, the original dialogue being largely used. It is reported that Merle Oberon's Cathy is the best screen performance she has ever given, and that Laurence Olivier, who went back to Hollywood after a long absence and many Shakespearean triumphs to play Heathcliff, is also admirably cast. In support are Hugh Williams, Flora Robson and David Niven, so it will be realised that the company is strongly British. As well as two shots from *Wuthering Heights*, which is due in England before very long, this page presents the latest off-the-set portrait of charming Merle





## MORE ABOUT THE IRANIAN LEGATION PARTY



H.E. THE ARABIAN MINISTER, SHEIKH HAFIZ WAHBA, H.R.H. THE EMIR FEISAL,  
H.H. PRINCE ABD EL-MONEIM, AND LADY FLOWER



LORD AND LADY HAILSHAM



SIR ALFRED AND LADY DAVIES



LADY ELIBANK AND MR. AND MRS. E. H. KEELING



SIR HENRY AND THE HON.  
LADY NORMAN

To the Iranian Legation from The Corner House, Cowley Street, came Lord Aberconway's sister, the Hon. Lady Norman, and her husband, whose career has included soldiering, politics and authorship. Lord and Lady Elibank's London address is Sloane Gardens, and the Member for Twickenham and Mrs. E. H. Keeling had not far to come from Wilton Street. Lord Hailsham, ex-Lord President of the Council, and before that Lord Chancellor, looked, as always, extremely cheerful. Sir Alfred Davies, a 'D.L.' for London, Member of the L.C.C., 1931-37, and formerly M.P. for Lincoln, is life-governor of St. Bartholomew's, the Middlesex, and the London Fever Hospitals





Photos: Jaeger

**PRINCESSE SIBYLLE, CROWN PRINCESS OF SWEDEN, IN THE UNIFORM OF THE SWEDISH GIRL GUIDES, AND ALSO INSET**

H.R.H. the Crown Princess of Sweden is a keen supporter of the Swedish Girl Guides, and is head of the movement in Stockholm. Their uniform, as will be noted, is not very different from that of our own corps in England. The former Princesse Sibylle of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha was married to H.R.H. the Prince Gustaf Adolf, Crown Prince of Sweden, in Coburg in 1932, and there were over fifty royal guests at the wedding. The Prince and Princess are second cousins. Her father is Duke Karl Edward of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, son of the late Duke of Albany and hence a nephew of the Duke of Connaught



## SOCIETY PO



*Pearl Freeman*  
A DÉBUTANTE: MISS PATIENCE BRAND



*Pearl Freeman*  
PHILIPPA LADY HULSE



VISCOUNTESS

This page of pretty and socially-important people includes the debutante daughter of Lady Rosabelle Brand and Miss Patience Brand was presented at the first house for the season. Known to her intimates as Philippa Lady Hulse, who has just bought a Si fox-hunter. She has only lately recovered from two years ago, but her nerve is as good as ever. Hinchinbrooke, was Miss Rosemary Peto before and her husband make their home in London. They have two little girls. Miss Diana Mary Mills, 13th/18th Hussars, was announced last month, to Mr. H. C. G. Mills, who lives in New York Gardens. Her fiancé's father, the late Major Mrs. Robin Grant, who completes this quintette with the late Captain Lord Richard Wellesley and of Lady Lieut.-General Sir Charles and Lady Sybil Grant.



# PORTRAITURE



*Barvato*

ENGAGED: MISS DIANA MARY MILLS



*Lee Garmes*

MRS. ROBIN GRANT

*Cannons of Hollywood*

## WENCHINGBROOKE

...e starts with Lord Rosslyn's granddaughter, the  
...of the late Lieut.-Colonel John Charles Brand.  
...Court by her mother, who has taken a London  
...“Boo,” Miss Brand hunts with the Southdown.  
...stone House, near Towcester, is another ardent  
...the effects of a very bad fall with the Grafton  
...ever. Lord Sandwich's daughter-in-law, Lady  
...her marriage, which took place in 1934. She  
...address, 5, York Terrace, Regent's Park—and  
...whose engagement to Mr. R. P. P. Smyly,  
...the only daughter of Lord Hillingdon's kinsman,  
...and of Mrs. Mills, of Neville Terrace, Onslow  
...J. Smyly, was City Marshal for many years.  
...charming personalities, is the elder daughter of the  
...George Wellesley. She and her husband, son of  
...are not long back from winter-sporting at Wengen





#### THE SOUTH DEVON FOXHOUNDS—PASSING THROUGH BUCKLAND-IN-THE-MOOR

This attractive village in the county which the rapturous bard has called "a little bit of Heaven" lies in about the centre, and is only a short distance south of famous Widecombe and Haytor, the highest point in Devon. The moor and its ways take knowing, wherever they are met, and the "foreigner"—that is to say, the man from any part of England that is not Devon—may not find this virtually fenceless region as easy as it looks on the map—or as the indigenous inhabitant makes it seem when riding over it. The present M.F.H. of the South Devon is "Mr. Committee," but a representative of the Whitley family, which has been connected with this Hunt for so many years and done so much for it, is one of the Hon. Secs. This is Mr. C. Whitley of Welstor



# THE GRENADIERS' CONTEST FOR THE MANNERS CUP



AFTER THE RACE: LADY ROMAYNE CECIL  
AND MR. E. J. B. NELSON



MISS DORIS BLUNT, SIR JOHN BLUNT  
AND MRS. JOHN VAUGHAN



LORD AND LADY BURGHELEY—HE HAVING  
COMPETED



LADY PRISCILLA WILLOUGHBY AND  
MR. M. S. B. VERNON (THE WINNER)



LADY VIOLET VERNON, MISS PRUNELLA  
HIGGINS AND MR. J. HANBURY



MR. OWEN SMITH WITH MRS. RIRID  
MYDDELTON

They had a very good field for the Grenadier Guards' Regimental Race for the Manners Cup, as seventeen out of the twenty-six entries went to the post, and they had a bit of the right kind of country for the job in hand. It was run near Whissendine, in the Cottesmore country, on the day those hounds met at Leesthorpe. Mr. Vernon (now Reserve) won it on a five-year-old mare, Kitty, after a good up-and-down with Captain W. R. J. Alston-Roberts West on National Member. The winning jockey is seen talking to Sir John Aird's future bride, who, on her marriage, will automatically become a Grenadier Guard! The winner's very pretty wife is in the picture alongside. Lady Violet Vernon is Lord and Lady Cromer's younger daughter. In the next tableau is Lady Violet's cousin, Mrs. Ririd Myddelton, daughter of Lady Violet Astor and the late Lord Charles Mercer Nairne. More family groups include Lord and Lady Burghley, top right, and Lord Burghley's younger sister, Lady Romaine Cecil, top left, with Mr. Nelson, one of the many who had a dart in the race. Lord Burghley, as will be gathered from his clothes, was also in action



# Pictures in the Fire

By

"SABRETACHE"

not managed to damp their ardour. They have been "cavalry" on wheels for about two years, and they go on parade in blue overalls! It is enough to make some ex-10th R.H. (and also other horse soldiers) turn in their graves.

\* \* \*

If we could believe that putting all these fine cavalry regiments on castors was really a wise thing, the contemplation of them might be easier to bear. However, it has not destroyed the

cavalry spirit, and the 10th even keep their circus going—on wheels—with dummy horses, dummy elephants,

trick-riding on motor-bikes, and the kettledrums of the band on the bow end of a thing which, I believe, is called a portee, now a band-waggon, in which the rest of the musicians sit and try to look like a cavalry band. As many people besides myself are able to record, in the days when the regiment was mounted on the only fit conveyance for a cavalry soldier, they used to run a very first-class circus, with trick-riding experts who were as good and better, in many cases, than anything the Indian and Cossack cavalry could produce, and even ran poor old Bertram Mills's show pretty close, clowns and all. What an indomitable spirit to keep this going with the Tin Lizzies to which they are now condemned!

\* \* \*

In this issue of the "Xth Royal Hussars Gazette," I am very interested to read the reminiscences of ex-Squadron Sergeant-Major Gerard about what he saw in the cavalry actions at El Teb (2nd Battle) and Tamaai (1884), when this regiment and the 19th Hussars faced that big black



H.E. THE VICEROY PRESENTS NEW COLOURS TO A FAMOUS "PIFFER" REGIMENT

The presentation of new colours to the 2nd Battalion, 12th Frontier Force Regiment, took place at Bareilly last month. The formation of this particular unit dates back to 1846, and it has a very long and brilliant record of war service, including "Bobs" famous march from Kabul to Kandahar—a grand honour indeed

The names in the group are: (in front) Captain Hughes, Mr. J. G. Laithwaite (Private Sec. to the Viceroy), Bt.-Lieut.-Colonel F. M. Moore, H.E. the Viceroy (Lord Linlithgow), Lieut.-Colonel H. C. S. Minchin (C.O., the Regiment), Lieut.-Colonel C. G. Toogood (Military Sec. to the Viceroy) and Major Sir Benjamin D. G. Bromhead; (standing) Capt. Eustace, Lieut. J. M. Ricketts, Capt. M. G. Kerr and Capt. W. A. G. Burns (A.D.C.s to the Viceroy), Capt. R. C. W. Dent and Capt. H. W. D. McDonald; (at back) 2nd-Lieut. T. R. Johnson, Lieut. Nicholls, 2nd-Lieut. Grimwood and 2nd-Lieut. Milnes

Wer einmal lügt dem glaubt man nicht,  
Und wenn er auch die Wahrheit spricht

\* \* \*

TIPPING the winner of the Grand National has never been easy: tipping the winner of the Grand International, if it is ever run, may not be so difficult. About the latter we know one thing for certain: namely, that one of the runners will not even save his stake.

\* \* \*

Mechanisation obviously has not obliterated the Horse Sense of one distinguished cavalry regiment, for one of its officers has set up a record by doing the hat trick in the Grand Military. Major Mark Roddick, 10th Royal Hussars, won it in 1937 on Buck Willow, in 1938 on Kilstar, and this year on Fillip. His brother used to ride very well between the flags in my time in India, and won the Indian Grand National in 1914 on a horse named Tommy Daw. This year, the 10th put up the fine performance of having two officers in the first three, as Major C. B. Harvey was third on Santick. Mr. "Kim" Muir also did very well, and collected a brace of 10th Hussars brackets on the last day of Sandown.

On top of this, and judging by what appears in a recent number of the "Xth Royal Hussars Gazette," petrol has



THE DEATH OF THE CATTLE-SLAYER

Mrs. V. A. S. Stow, wife of the Principal of the famous Mayo College—the Eton of India—Ajmere, put paid to the account of this marauder whilst she was the guest of H.H. Sir Ishwari Singh, ruler of the Bundi State, Rajputana



boundin' beggar Fuzzy Wuzzy, whose home is in the Sudan, and who, as Mr. Kipling, who never even saw him, has testified, was an "injer-rubber noonsance but a first-class fighting man." S.S.M. Gerard fully endorses this tribute to a person who has never learnt how to spell the word "fear." If of any interest, and as supplementary to S.S.M. Gerard's account of El Teb, here is an extract from another eye-witness's story of how things went. It is from *Desert Warfare*, by Mr. Bennet Burleigh, who used to be called "Burly Bennet," and who was the *Daily Telegraph's* Correspondent during those operations—

Baker Pasha had sent a message to the Xth to say he was anxious to see them at work. His wish was soon gratified. The enemy was now clearly on the move, and the cavalry, which had gone to our right, flanking them, charged. The Sudanese did not bolt, but struck at the troopers as they rode through them, wounding several soldiers. Back the gallant Hussars came at them again, and still the enemy struck blow for blow. Three Sudanese, part of the few mounted men seen by the troopers, actually stood their ground against the shock of these two fine regiments, to be cut down. (The other regiment was the XIXth Hussars.) A third time the cavalry went through them, and still they fought, starting up and thrusting with sword or spear as the Hussars galloped by. Lieutenant-Colonel Barrow was wounded by one of the spears, and two or three troopers were killed.

Baker Pasha was a 10th Hussar. Colonel Percy Barrow was 19th, and subsequently died of his wounds at Suakin. Q.M.S. Marshall, 19th Hussars, got the V.C. for saving his officer's life at El Teb.

As to whether this new cavalry can take the place of the old as the eyes and ears of the Army I doubt, for a good many and, as I consider, very solid reasons. Cavalry's duties as the eyes have been in part, but only in part, taken over by the cavalry of the air, who can only see exactly what the state of the weather will permit them to see. How can the "ears" part of the job be said to be supplied by either the air or this new "cavalry"? You can hear both of them coming, quite unaided by any ear-trumpet. The silent approach "technique" adopted by aircraft is not possible with tanks. Even if you had no sound detector, that good old device, a drum on the ground, would give you plenty of warning. A drum will pick up the footfalls of the sandals of the savage and bloody-minded foeman, who may be trying to catch you bending without your braces off. A jolly old din this modern cavalry would make on a reconnaissance, and how nice and ready for them the enemy would (and will) be when he can get wind of them probably five miles before they may break into view. As eavesdroppers (a very important part of the duties of real cavalry), the tin-can lot must be ruled out. As "eyes," I would back one pair on a horse to see more than three in a tank looking through those little slits. A properly run reconnaissance by even one squadron of horsed cavalry would be bound to bring back more information than a cavalry tank regiment of 58 vehicles, and would probably suffer fewer casualties, because it would be far less conspicuous and not noisy at all. It was not cavalry's job to bring on a scrap, or to scrap at all, unless to drive in any opposition from their own species—enemy cavalry out on the same adventure—snooping. How are the tank cavalry ever



THE POLO GAME IN CANNES

A group taken at the Mandelieu ground, and in it (l. to r.) are Mr. W. Balding, the G.O.M. of polo; H.H. the Prince of Berar, heir to the Nizam of Hyderabad; and Dr. K. O. Newman, the well-known Oxford psychologist

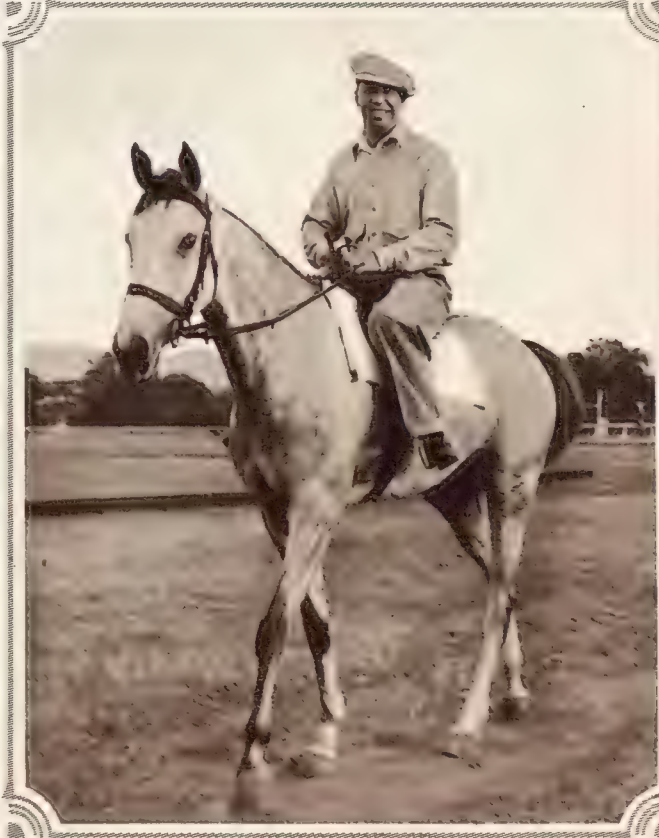
going to bring off a surprise, even though they say it can hit it up to 50 m.p.h. (over its own selected going)? They cannot do it. It is also very improbable, owing to the hearty notice they give of their approach, that they will find *only* their own species waiting for them at the point of contact.

(Continued on page xiv)



"RUNNING RIOT" AT NORTH BERWICK

Leading lights of Leslie Henson's gay show, which went very strong in Edinburgh Town after a great season at the poor old Gaiety in London. It is continuing to tour. Left to right: Fred Emney, Leslie Henson, Lois Davis and Roy Royston. The Gaiety is in a state of suspended animation and they say will so remain till re-conditioned and altered



GEORGE FORMBY, JOCKEY

A snapshot at the Knutsford Park racecourse in Jamaica. Race-riding is nothing new to George, for he is very well known at our Northolt Pony Course. He arrived in Jamaica in the S.S. "Duchess of Atholl" on a cruise



# BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

A CLERGYMAN at a dinner had listened with increasing annoyance to a voluble young man who had much to say on Darwin and his "Origin of Species."

"I can't see," argued the young whippersnapper, "what difference it would make to me if my great-grandfather were an ape."

"Possibly not," commented the clergyman, drily; "but it must have made a great difference to your great-grandmother."

The popular novelist's conceit was getting on the nerves of the critic who was dining with him.

"You know," said the author, fishing for compliments, as usual, "my books are selling wonderfully, and I get richer and richer. But sometimes I think my work is falling off. I don't believe I write as well as I did."

"Oh, nonsense!" replied the critic. "You write just as well as you ever did. Perhaps your literary taste is improving."

A newly-promoted colonel gave a dinner to his regiment. Addressing the men he said, jovially:

"Now fall upon the food without mercy. Treat it as if it were the enemy."

At the end of the dinner he noticed a sergeant sneaking away with two bottles of wine.

"What are you doing?" he asked.

"Obeying orders, sir," was the reply. "When you don't kill the enemy, you take them prisoners."

A man went into an insurance office to have his life insured.

"Do you cycle?" the agent asked.

"No," replied the man.

"Do you drive a car?"

"No."

"Perhaps you fly?"

"No," said the applicant, smiling.

"I don't do any of the dangerous things."

"Sorry, sir," replied the agent, "but we no longer insure pedestrians."

"Do you really mean to say that Brown has given up drink? Has he seen at last that whisky is not good for him?"

"No, but the landlord at the pub has seen that Brown is not good for any more whiskies."



BUTTER WOULD NOT MELT IN THEIR MOUTHS—

"Smithers," said the master of the house in stern tones, "my cigars are disappearing. Can you account for it?"

"It is not my fault, sir. I assure you that I have not touched your cigars. I still have three boxes left from my last post."

She had been planning an ambitious cruise on a luxury liner, and the house was full of guide-books and tourist pamphlets. Her husband was heartily sick of the whole matter, and at last he burst out:

"It's not a bit of good your studying those steamship company's booklets. I keep telling you beggars can't be cruisers."

"Why have you been sitting in your car all this time?" asked the cop.

"Waiting for two gentlemen," said the motorist.

"Who are they?"

"The one who owns the car in front of me and the one who owns the car at the back."

AND—A man from the backwoods out West, on his first visit to New York, entered one of those restaurants where everything comes out of automatic machines. He went up to the girl at the counter:

"I want a cup of coffee," he said.

The girl pointed to a slot.

"Just drop your coin in there," she instructed.

The surprised backwoodsman did as she told him, and out came his cup of coffee. He then decided that he would like a smoke, and asked the girl in charge of the cigarettes for a packet. She pointed to a machine beside her:

"Just drop your coin in there."

He dropped a coin in and received his cigarettes, still marvelling at the wonders of a civilised life.

Next he decided to go by the subway to Coney Island, of which he had heard a great deal. He entered the subway, with a nickel in his hand, and went up to the cashier.

"How do I get to Coney Island?" he asked.

The cashier pointed to the turnstile:

"Just drop a nickel in that slot," he said.

The other went up to the turnstile, and was just about to drop in his nickel, when he turned sharply, his face furrowed with puzzled lines:

"Say, who do yer think yer kiddin'?" he asked the cashier. "Thar ain't no train comin' out of a small contraption like this!"



AFTER A STRAINED DIPLOMATIC SITUATION  
ALL IS PEACE AGAIN

The above examples of animal photography, as may be admitted, entitle the operator to a medal; for it is not always the easiest thing in the world to get your sitters to pose. In the present case, it may have been less easy than usual, for no one ever knows which way a cat is going to jump, especially when it happens to be a kitten, never still as a rule, excepting when asleep with its little tummy full of milk.



## THE MODERN WOMAN—ELIZABETH ARDEN'S MASTERPIECE

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DANCING

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Poultry Fund Ball



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DÉBUTANTE, WITH MR. R. M. CHAPLIN



MR. G. BULLARD AND A FULL-FACE  
VIEW OF MISS FORTUNE SMITH



LORD EUSTON AND MISS FORTUNE SMITH

The venerable Athenæum at Bury St. Edmunds was where the Suffolk held their Poultry Fund Ball on the evening of Saint Patrick's Day. A good and gay party, at which such superabundant dancing energy was displayed that the ballroom positively shook at times. Among notable débutantes on view was Lady Anne FitzRoy, the Duke of Grafton's only daughter, who was presented by her stepmother at the first Court. Both Lady Anne and the Duchess of Grafton, whose party from Euston Hall also included her elder stepson, Lord Euston, were in blue, just now a very fashionable colour. The Hon. Avice Vernon and Lady Moyra Butler had chosen black velvet and black satin; they are the respective only daughters of Lord and Lady Vernon and Lord and Lady Ossory. Captain Lord Sandhurst, formerly R.E., has a house near Sheringham



THE DUCHESS OF GRAFTON AND MRS. ELWES



LORD SANDHURST AND MRS. C. A. JOLL KEEP A SUPPER DATE.



LADY MOYRA BUTLER  
AND MR. J. L. MUSKER



MISS NANCY BUXTON  
AND MR. P. LEATHAM



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# "CAN THE LEOPARD—?"

By DAPHNE K. FORSTER

EVERYTHING was correct. In the pools of candle-light, silver and cut-glass gleamed, the curved smoothness of peaches in an amber bowl, scarlet tulips reflected in the mirror-like surface of the table. The dinner had reached the dessert stage, and soon she would shepherd the women into the drawing-room and leave the men to their port and cigars. Another successful dinner-party.

Oh, yes, she had learnt her job well! What once filled her with nervous apprehension had become no more than an accomplishment—a feat performed with smooth efficiency whenever Tony called for it.

She could imagine them discussing her party afterwards: "I must say Tony's wife knows how to give one excellent dinners—she takes care of his home all right." Something to that effect. What they said about the rest of her *ménage* did not matter.

Even the dyspeptic old colonel whom Tony had invited because, with the colonel's financial interest in the firm, it was good policy to entertain him, had become more affable as the meal progressed. If ever she had wanted a seal on her prowess as a hostess she had it to-night in the colonel.

The rest of the party were typical of Tony's friends—witty, amusing people, the women expensively dressed and sophisticated. Once their conversation would have overawed her, but now its effect was superficial. She had heard it all so often before. They talked another language from hers.

Looking up and seeing her as she bent over him, her eyes very blue under her starched cap, her cool hands and gentle voice, Tony had seen in her something Madonna-like.

She was the kind of woman who looked best in uniform. The kind who was at home with animals and children and old people. Who was at a loss at social functions, but never in a sick-room.

When Tony was convalescent he had asked her to marry him. After a year's marriage their baby was born and died. Time had healed the wound, so that it was possible now to touch it without wincing; but the sense of loss had remained. Another child would have given her back her happiness. But there had not been another child.

Tony went from success to success, and she managed his home for him. That was all. Whatever affection he had felt for her had not survived the first two years of their marriage. There were women to whom he gave emeralds—parties, like this, at which she was the nominal hostess.

Across the glass-and-tulip-laden table she looked at Tony—as handsome as he had been twelve years ago, but portly, inclined to a coarseness of features that would be his in middle-age. While the girl with his emerald ring was leaning towards him, so that their shoulders touched, talking with a cool possessiveness, for all the world to see. She was young and beautiful.

The candle-light fell on the well-groomed heads of the women, on their flowers and jewels and frocks, and Tony's wife knew that her own coppery hair, out of which the hair-pins were always falling, was not like theirs, nor was the cut of her frock.

She thought longingly of a cottage in the country. Lately the idea had become an obsession. A cottage with a little garden in which to plant flowers and watch them grow; perhaps a chicken-run and a couple of dogs. That was all she now asked of life—a cottage of her own.

It was time for the port. She rose and signalled the women.

The last guests had gone. The crunch of gravel under car-wheels announced their departure, the headlights illumining the shrubbery-bordered path that led to the gate. The drawing-room was heavy

(Continued on page 594)



A RECENT OCCASION AT THE CAFÉ DE PARIS

That gay spot where a lot of people have been rallying lately, due, no doubt, to the fact that the inimitable Frances Day is the chief attraction there. The above party caught by the camera was given by Lord Cadogan, Master of the Grafton, and Lady Cadogan. With them were Lord Churston's second sister, the Hon. Denise Yarde-Buller, and Captain Wigan

Long ago she had realised that fact and accepted it. She saw to the material side of their parties, Tony to the social.

Seated on Tony's left, her beauty vivid against a scarlet chiffon evening frock, was a tall young girl. She glowed, as did the tulips and, in a way, her loveliness was of the same texture as theirs. On her hand, with its lacquered nails, burned a solitary emerald—Tony's gift.

Why was it, his wife wondered, that he always gave them emeralds? Her own engagement ring had been a diamond and turquoise hoop, valuable only because of its sentiment; but Tony then had been but a struggling young architect. Twelve years ago: they were not to know that he would become the financial success he was now.

She had been a nurse on the staff of a London nursing-home into which Tony had been brought with pneumonia. In his delirium she soothed him; at the crisis she was there to nurse him gradually back to health. It was another case of a grateful patient. But not only that.



Swaebe

TWO MORE AT THE CAFÉ DE PARIS

Sir William Wiseman had Miss Kay Stammers with him on the same evening as the one pictured above. She has just returned from the South of France, where she has been playing in the Monte Carlo Tennis Tournament. Miss Stammers is, of course, a certain starter at Wimbledon, and one of England's big hopes





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"CAN THE LEOPARD — ?"—(Contd. from p. 592)

with the scent of flowers and perfumed women, of cigarettes, some that still smouldered in the littered ash-trays. She turned out the lights, all but the one by the door, and made her way to her bedroom.

Now, seated in front of her dressing-table, she took the pins out of her hair and shook the mass of it free. In the triple mirror three angles of herself faced her—a pale, freckled face, its blue eyes the only claim to beauty, profiles that, framed in her loosened hair, had a wistfulness that was appealing.

But it was a mask of a face: one from which animation had long since gone. You felt that its owner existed, but did not live. She looked into the mirror, but she did not see her reflections: she saw, instead, a cottage in a country lane, a garden with larkspur and poppies and japonica.

Tony and she had come to the parting of the ways. She knew it to-night. Their travesty of a marriage could not go on. She wondered dully why she had remained as long as she had. Tony would not miss her. He would welcome her decision. He would have his freedom and she would have her cottage.

She remained staring unseeingly into the mirror—now that her mind was made up, conscious only of relief.

The knock on her door was repeated before she answered it, and even then she was not sure that she had heard aright. Who was likely to knock at her door at this hour?

But as she moved towards it she heard Tony's voice: "Are you awake? May I come—?"

There was something wrong with his voice, as with him, lurching there in the doorway, when she opened the door to him. He was not drunk. The evening, as a whole, had been a sober one, and Tony always carried his liquor like a gentleman.

She said: "Of course, Tony," and held the door wide. "What's happened?"

He made the effort to move and seemed to crumple up, clinging to the door for support. She saw then that he was ill.

Immediately she was at his side, her arms round him, holding him while he leaned against her, groaning. It was obvious that he was in great pain. His face was livid and there were beads of sweat on his forehead.

He gasped. "The pain's—been getting steadily worse—for the last hour. I wanted you so much—I had—to come."

"Of course, dear," she soothed. "Lean on me and don't be frightened. I'll get you to my bed and 'phone up a doctor straight away. It's probably only colic, and we'll have you right again very soon. Once you lie down you'll be better. Slowly, now—"

He leaned on her physically and morally. He was a very sick and frightened man and she gave him confidence. Till the doctor came she did what she could to make him comfortable, holding him in her arms as though he were a child

and soothing his fears. He would not let her out of his sight. It was, as she had feared, a case of acute appendicitis, necessitating an immediate operation. All the way in the ambulance she held Tony cradled in her arms. Hers was the last face he saw when he went under the anæsthetic: the first when he came out of it.

Never had she known such happiness! To win back your husband's love when you thought it dead was, she was shrewd enough to guess, a rare experience. She shivered, remembering how near she had been to leaving Tony—Tony and this wonderful happiness! His illness was now a thing of the past. She had nursed him through it, as she had nursed him once before. They had been so close together in these last months that, for her, the loneliness and pain of years had been blotted out.

Tony wanted no one but her. His many friends sent flowers and notes, they telephoned and tried to come to see him. Beyond business associates he refused to see anyone. The girl with the slender beauty of a tulip was, perhaps, the most persistent. She did not seem to think it possible that Tony did not want her. So much so that Tony's wife found it in her heart to be sorry for the girl, and even tried to arrange a meeting. For she was so sure of Tony now that she could afford to be generous to a rival.

But Tony would have none of it: "Tell her I'm through," he said brutally. "She's had all she can get out of me and all I want now is peace."

It was a difficult message. Over the 'phone, as kindly as possible, his wife delivered it.

After his convalescence, at his wish, they were going on a sea voyage. Tony's wife packed and made all the arrangements with a light heart. Already she had grown years younger. She was back again in the early days of their marriage, and the prospect of a sea voyage with Tony filled her with happiness. His recovery was complete and there was no more anxiety as to his health.

On the day before they sailed they gave a small luncheon-party to a few of his firm. Tony wanted to discuss business matters with them before he sailed. One brought his daughter with him—a blonde, striking-looking

girl, pretty in a chocolate-box way. Tony, as a dutiful host, offered to show her the garden after lunch.

They had been a little time away, and as one of the men was anxious to get back to town Tony's wife offered to go into the garden to call her husband.

He and the pretty blonde girl were in the conservatory. From a distance she heard their voices; but as she came near the door the voices ceased. The silence was prolonged, and then, suddenly, her hand on the conservatory door, Tony's wife heard his voice—low, ardent, the voice that for the past few months had been only for her:

"Promise you won't forget me while I am away. I'll be back again soon and then. . . There was a pause, and from the far end of the conservatory Tony's voice continued: "Did anyone tell you how lovely you are? You should wear emeralds. You must let me give you one when I return."



MISS JEAN GREIG

The daughter of Sir Louis and Lady Greig, who was a member of the Guard of Honour to H.M. the Queen when she attended the Reception yesterday at the Guildhall given by the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress in connection with the Safer Motherhood Campaign. Sir Louis Greig is Extra Gentleman Usher to H.M. the King



Photos: Hartlip

LADY MOYRA BUTLER

The Earl and Countess of Ossory's only daughter was another member of the Guard of Honour for H.M. the Queen. During the course of the evening, purses to the number of sixty-six which had been collected were presented to her Majesty, which, it is hoped, will greatly benefit this so deserving cause





Star of the  
London Films'  
production, "The  
Four Feathers"

*June Duprez*  
relies on

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N. Ireland,  
1/1, 1/10 and 3/3



# From the Shires and Provinces

## A Leicestershire Letter.

THE hunting season will end with the month, and as this is our last letter, a little retrospection may be indulged in. The season, as a whole, has been a good one, notably so in November and the early part of December. Around Christmas hunting was interfered with by snow, but as there was little frost we were soon at it again. The Cottesmore were especially unlucky, as the bulk of their country lies higher than that of the Quorn or Belvoir. The latter had three good Saturdays in succession in the Vale when the Cottesmore could not even get hounds to the meet.

The Quorn have now a really wonderful pack of hounds, and their country has less wire than any. Consequently sport has been uniformly good whenever there was any scent at all. Six- seven- and eight-mile points have been frequent from the commencement, and there was one grand hunt in the cubbing season of an hour and a quarter at best pace.

This year the Belvoir have had their best sport in the Vale on Saturdays, rather than in their Wednesday country, near Melton. Last year it was the reverse. There have been rather fewer people hunting this winter, and secretaries and finance committees are somewhat worried about the future outlook. But then, aren't we all unnecessarily apprehensive about the future. We have weathered the storm before and shall do so again. So long as fox-hunting continues, Leicestershire will always be the best winter resort and attract new comers, who will always be welcome.

## From the Warwickshire.

Getting nearer to the end of it now, but by no means dying down. Hounds seem to make the best of every fox they find and/or eat him. Last Saturday, at Gaydon, I suppose was the final really big week-end crowd in our long-suffering Red Horse Vale. The farmers—God bless them!—have stood it nobly. Unlike many other packs at this time of year we have no large tracts of woodland to agonise in and so to the end the chance of hunts over the grass remains undimmed. Two foxes killed in the open was the tale for Saturday: the second one a teaser for horses—thirty-five minutes with hardly a check. A happier crowd haven't often ridden home this season. Cheers for Dick, leading us all when hounds run and on his off-days riding point-to-points and winning them, one or two pretty well every day lately.

The Lower Lemington day—put off from last week—had not an idle moment. Hounds ran for fifty minutes as fast as any glutton could wish, and over all the country we most love and hope for on that Tuesday side. I think, perhaps, more grateful we are to "Mud," officially not "Joint" until May, but who has quietly picked up the threads of it all in J. L.'s place, and so it goes on as happily as ever.

How one longs for world peace with honour! That a well-proved Master of Foxhounds is our Foreign Minister should give us to hope.

## From the York and Ainsty.

By the time you read these notes both packs will have closed down after what can



LADY MARY DUNN SAYS "NO, THANK YOU!"

The day the Quorn hounds met at Scraftoft and the moment was when the cherry brandy arrived. Lady Mary Dunn, who married Mr. Philip Dunn in 1933, is Lord and Lady Rosslyn's daughter

only be reckoned, in both cases, as a particularly good season. There have been no "historical" runs, but a great many very good days and not many bad ones. The country has been wetter and deeper to ride over than one ever remembers, but we have lost very few days by frost or snow—only about three days before Christmas and another three or four after. In these days of frequent changes of Masters, it is a great relief to know that both Major Holliday and Mr. Geoffrey Smith will still be in charge next season. Long may they reign!

Well, to record some of our closing days. The South met at Appleton Roebuck, on Tuesday (14th) for their last day in the Ainsty. After a short hunt round Nun Appleton—the fox getting to ground in the garden—they had a slow run from the Sicklepit to Stub Wood, followed by a very quick ten minutes from Bocket Hagg to Bishopthorpe, which was the best part of the day. Askham Bogs was drawn for the third successive Tuesday and held several foxes, one of which provided a slow hunt past the Kennels to Askham Bryan.

On Thursday (16th) the Northerners had probably their best gallop of the season. Meeting at Scotton, they had a short hunt from Scotton Banks nearly to Knaresborough, and then over Scriven Park, after which he got to ground. Finding next in Viaduct Wood, they ran by Scotton Bank, then in a wide left-handed loop past Scotton village, Brearton, Nidd Hall, and over the river into the Brahmam Moor country, where they ran very fast for two miles alongside the Nidd to Hampsthwaite where they recrossed the river by Clint Wood and, coming back along the north bank, killed near Ripley Valley station, after covering 12 miles of country in 65 minutes, with a 5½-mile point.

(Continued on page xx)



Frank O'Brien

## AT A CORK POINT-TO-POINT

The pack was the United, and the place Ballindenisk, near Cork; and in the picture are (centre) Sir George Colthurst, M.F.H. (joint Muskerry with Mr. A. H. Hornby), and Mr. and Mrs. Combe. America tried to hire the Blarney Stone, which is near Castle Blarney, Sir George Colthurst's seat, for the New York World Fair, but the deal did not come off, in spite of a tempting offer





Photography by Norman Parkinson.

ON this fortunate day we were able to photograph Miss Valerie Hobson on the set at Denham where she is starring in "Silent Battle"—a Pinebrook Production for Paramount.

She is wearing her choice from the MATITA Spring and Early Summer Collection—a pure silk printed dress, with an exclusive knotted ribbon design in yellow, green, petunia and white on a navy ground. The loose coat of soft navy angora is lined with the silk.

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# PETROL VAPOUR

## Road Looks.

ONE of the things for which it is possible to give Mr. Leslie Burgin and his ministerial myrmidons the highest praise is the appreciable effort they have made to make full use of the Restriction of Ribbon Development Act. I was told at the Ministry of Transport last week that more than 70,000 miles of road in Great Britain now have the benefit of this Act's protection. That means that, in general, no building may be started within 220 ft. of the middle of the road without the consent of the highway authority. Admittedly, it is not a very drastic measure. After all, those horrid, pimply little houses which are parasitic to new roads look just as horrid and pimply at a distance of 220 ft. as they do when they are close to the pavement; but the 220 ft. margin on either side does seem to lessen the incentive to builders that is provided by the road.

It is most curious that the people who live in great cities should have allowed ribbon development to go as far as it has, because it takes from them not only pleasant surroundings for their houses, but also pleasant surroundings for their motoring. Neither the house-dweller nor the car-driver can possibly like ribbon development, for the road ruins the amenities of the houses, while the houses ruin the amenities and the efficiency of the road. While the Ministry are about it, I wish they would attend to the hateful hoardings which now ruin the appearance of some very fine country roads. The biggest and best advertisers refuse to use such hoardings; but there are always small, thrustful companies that will jump at any free space of this kind, regardless of the damage it does to the look of the road. They would be ready to stick a bill on a Botticelli. Against such people the strongest of measures are justified.

## Noise.

While I am considering the amenities of motoring I ought to refer to the paper that Dr. G. W. C. Kaye and

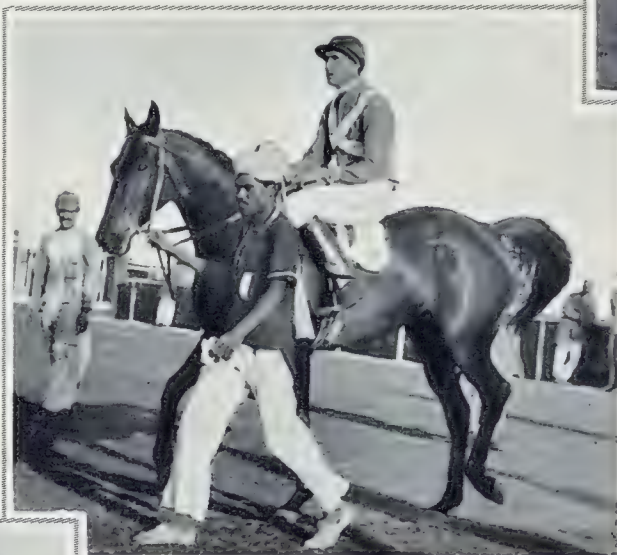
By  
JOHN OLIVER

Mr. R. S. Dadson will read before the Institution of Automobile Engineers, on April 4. This is on "Noise Measurement and Analysis in Relation to Motor Vehicles." Noises of representative new and old vehicles have been found to vary in loudness, at a distance of 18 ft. over a range of from about 75 to 115 on the phon scale, and the average motor-car was found to be "agreeably quiet." As a result of this investigation the



H.E. THE DUKE OF AOSTA

The Viceroy of Ethiopia at Almaza Airport, where he was received by the Italian Minister to Egypt when he broke his journey by air from Abyssinia to Rome, flying incognito on an undisclosed mission. The Duke of Aosta, who was appointed Viceroy in November 1937, is a cousin of H.M. King Victor Emanuel



## IN THE INDIAN MONEY

Mr. G. N. L. Loraine-Smith's Beautiful Girl (Mr. R. B. Kennard up), winner of the Fownes Cup at the Lucknow Spring Meeting, which is equally well known as Civil Service Cup week and includes racing under both codes, the Civil Service Cup being the big flat race. The owner of Beautiful Girl is in the 14th/20th Hussars, stationed at Secunderabad. Mr. Kennard is Indian Army



## A LUCKNOW GRAND NATIONAL RUNNER

Curragh Rose, owned by Major E. J. Fulton and ridden by Mr. C. R. D. Gray (both of the Indian Army), going down to the post for the outstanding chasing event of the Lucknow Spring Meeting. Major Fulton's mare is something of a celebrity, having won both the Indian Grand Military and the Lahore Grand National. Where she finished in the Lucknow Grand National was, unfortunately, not signalled

committee set up by the previous Minister, Mr. Leslie Hore-Belisha, recommended a legal limit of 90 phons for new vehicles, 95 phons for vehicles when in use on the road, and 100 phons for horns.

Motor-cycles are said to be the noisiest vehicles. This surprises me, and I shall await this paper with interest to see what it has to say on the matter. For my own impression is that a motor-cycle may have a loud bark, but that this does not penetrate like the deep, earth-shaking vibration of an omnibus or heavy lorry. My own house is on a heavily-trafficked route and the omnibus noise is terrific. It is the deep kind of noise that shakes everything and gets through the

thickest walls. Moreover, omnibuses have been developing a habit of letting forth explosions from their exhaust systems, and these are the more shattering in that they are intermittent. I shall look at this paper, therefore, to see how it deals with the measurement of these low vibrations and house-shakings, and whether the method gives a fair representation of the "disturbance" factor.

## Added Strength.

Everybody who motors, who has motored, or who is about to motor, will welcome the appointment of Mr. W. E. Rootes as president of the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders, in succession to Lord Kenilworth. Whether the future brings war or peace, it is obvious that every possible effort must be put forth to strengthen the genuinely productive, unsubsidised trades. Mr. Rootes, who is the dominating figure of twenty-six companies, which include

(Continued on page 602)





WELL, they'd have to have the garden party in the church hall. It had been raining since early morning and the vicarage lawns were sodden.

The vicar looked out of his study window and waited for the crunch of tyres on his gravel drive. They should be back from the station by now, his curate, Peter, and the African bishop who was arriving for a visit on the 12.45.

"No need to 'phone for the taxi, Peter," he had said. "You'll manage in the 'Prefect.' The key of the ignition fits the luggage compartment. There'll be lots of room for the bishop's suitcases in there out of the rain."

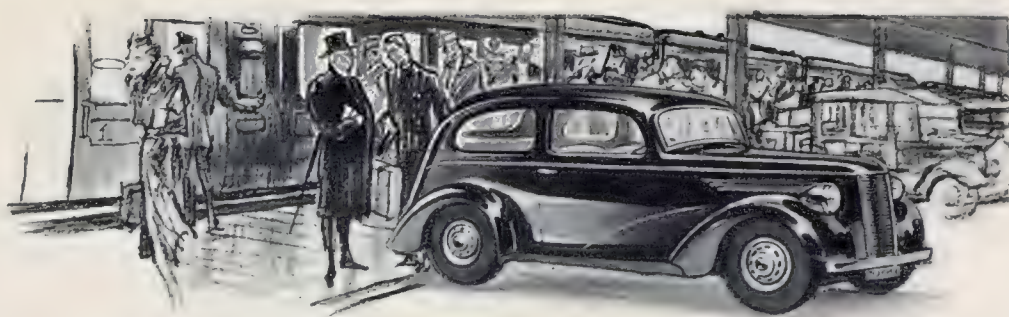


Peter had scratched his head. "How about the bishop?"

"Lots of room for him. Don't forget I brought Mr. and Mrs. Tuckle and their two children from Abbot's Farm the other day. If the 'Prefect' fits *them*, it will fit any bishop born of man."

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## Privilege of Clergy

"True enough! I'd better start."

"Have a look at the car clock, Peter. I always set my watch by the clock in the car."

\* \* \*

They had finished lunch. Smoke from the vicar's best cigars hung in three fragrant clouds over the table.

"I have one, too," the bishop was saying, "... a Ford, I mean. Mine is open, as cool as yours is snug. In Africa we have to take our motoring seriously. I think nothing of driving two hundred miles to a mission service."

"I doubt if you use your Ford more than I do," replied the vicar urbanely. "After all, we use it continuously—all day long—not all in the same direction, of course, but it travels just as far."

"Have you ever driven on African roads? They test *any* springing, I can tell you."

"Have you ever seen the lane to Abbot's Farm in wet weather, my lord," interposed the curate, "or tried to negotiate the left-hand bend on the hill outside Miss Raughton's place?"

"Of course I haven't," said the bishop, with a touch of asperity, "and your Ford hasn't climbed the Wemba Pass in top, like mine has." He blew out his cheeks.

"Quite," said the vicar hastily. "Some more coffee, my lord?" He looked at the

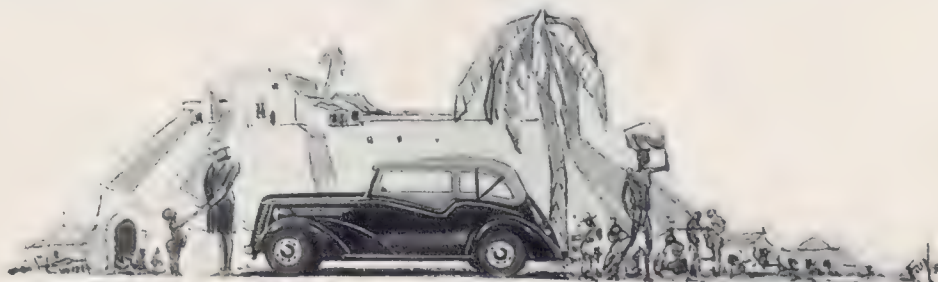
clock. "Peter," he added, "you'd better go now and fetch Miss Raughton. She isn't nervous in the 'Prefect.' On the way back, collect the flowers at the Cédars and then tell the Websters that the party's at the hall. They haven't a 'phone. Pick up



Lady Louding, too. She has rheumatism and says her own car jolts her too much. You should be back for us in half an hour."

"Argumentative young man," said the bishop when the door had closed.

"Well, you see, we do use our Ford a lot in the parish. It's the taxi, the children's bus, the ambulance, the delivery van, all in one. And now even Lady Louding prefers it to her own car... Anyway, I think the three of us are agreed on one thing, that Ford cars are the finest value for money in the world."



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# A Rugby Letter : By "HARLEQUIN"

DEAR TATLER,

ANOTHER Calcutta Cup match has come and gone, and once more the result has been something of a surprise. Most of us expected that the Scottish midfield play would prove to be too fast and too clever for the English back division, and so, indeed, it proved to be. There can be little doubt that, with an adequate supply of the ball, D. J. Macrae, R. W. Shaw, and, in a less degree, R. B. Bruce-Lockhart, would have won the match for Scotland. That they failed to do so was due to one thing and one thing only, and that was the overwhelming superiority of the England forwards. J. Heaton's brilliant place-kicking was,



THE ETON COLLEGE XV. WHO BEAT  
F. A. INSTONE'S TEAM

This is a match which Eton have been trying to win for a very long time, and they have finally pulled it off, with a score of 27 points to 6. This season they have beaten Beaumont and Berkhamsted, drawn with St. John's, Leatherhead, and lost to Douai College

L. to r.: (standing) W. A. Mackenzie, D. M. Bailie, D. I. Fyfe-Jamieson, M. B. Henderson, D. M. Baker, D. Bruce, W. P. Coryton, H. Riley-Smith. (Sitting) C. W. O. Parker, D. J. R. Ker, J. G. Mackeurtun (captain), A. G. Hughes-Onslow, B. Carritt. (On ground) H. Trenchard, W. J. Straker-Smith

of course, the determining factor, but that would have been of no avail but for the stranglehold which H. B. Toft and his men soon established over the Scottish pack. I have seen more Calcutta Cup matches than I like to think about, but never, within my experience, have Scottish forwards been so utterly and completely routed in every phase of the game.

The result must have been a considerable shock to the home supporters, who had been led to expect, with some confidence, a Scottish victory. Surprise as it was, however, there could be no doubt at all that England in nearly every respect were the better side and fully deserved their triumph. I am not going to maintain that the English success, although well merited, caused the same satisfaction to the winners as would one which had been gained in a more orthodox manner, and there was nothing like as much jubilation as usual in the North British Hotel after the game. There was, of course, endless discussion as to the relative values of tries and penalty goals, a discussion which began many years ago and will never come to an end. The two Scottish tries were both brilliantly obtained, and showed only too clearly that the Scottish backs were fully as dangerous as they were expected to be. Had they been given more chances they would have won the match, but the England pack saw to it that those chances were never provided.

J. Heaton deserves every credit for his three successful shots, and he is, no doubt, mightily pleased that, after a rather curious international career, he had so signal a triumph. He will have many sympathisers, for he cannot be said to have had the best of luck, and there is little doubt that we have not yet seen the best of him as an England centre. He

may have other opportunities, though it is quite certain that the English authorities will have to resume their rather unsuccessful attempts to find formidable centres. G. E. Hancock did some sound tackling, but was never a potential attacking force, whilst the wings, of whom R. S. L. Carr was again the more dangerous, really got no opportunities to speak of. Behind them, E. J. Parsons played a fair game, doing nothing very bad and little that was particularly outstanding. He was certainly no improvement on H. D. Freakes, and there seemed no particular reason why the Oxford man should have been dropped. T. A. Kemp, who played twice for England in 1937, gave certainly his best display, and to him must go a good deal of credit for the intelligent way in which he seconded the efforts of his forwards. He soon grasped the fact that his centres were rather out-classed by their opposite numbers, and his diagonal punting and accurate touch-finding were of the greatest service. His partner, J. Ellis, made a highly satisfactory first appearance, and gave just the kind of display that those who had seen him in the trials had been led to expect. As we know already, he is of the irrepressible type of half-back, who is always at work, always ready to make an attempt to go through on his own, and in defence is quite as likely to pop up behind the full-back as anywhere else.

We have already described the forwards as the real winners of the match, not only by reason of their forceful play, but also because of the intelligence with which they obeyed the orders of their skipper. A good many people have blamed them for heeling slowly at times, being apparently



Photos.: Stuart

F. A. INSTONE'S XV. WHO LOST TO ETON

A. M. Rees, who completed the side, was twenty minutes late, and only joined in the game just before half-time

L. to r.: (standing) J. C. Anderson, W. Winch, J. Short, D. Murray, G. Quayle, D. A. Young. (Sitting) J. H. Gordon, W. H. Chapman, F. A. Instone (captain), F. C. Mennim, H. J. Keigwan. (On ground) R. W. D. Macpherson, Captain F. Pearce, M. F. Smith

unable to grasp the fact that holding the ball in the scrumage may be of malice aforethought, and not due to clumsy feet. To Toft must be given every credit for brilliant and thoughtful leadership as well as for his clever hooking and general play. After this we may hope for a respite from the constant grumbling about having a hooker as captain, and also from the frenzied attempts which were so palpable in the early part of this season to include a quite ordinary forward because of his alleged gifts of leadership. Toft was so well backed up by the remainder of the pack that it is almost unfair to single out others for general distinction. All worked like Trojans in the tight and in the loose, and more than once they very nearly brought off the try that was so eagerly awaited. Perhaps T. F. Huskisson, R. M. Marshall, and, of course, J. K. Watkins were the most conspicuous, but that does not mean that they were necessarily superior to the others.

(Continued on page 602)



# This England . . .



*On Hindover Hill, Sussex*

“COUVRE-FEU” or curfew, the schoolboy’s first glimpse of Anglo-French, is supposed by many to have been introduced by the Conqueror, to prevent fires and the meeting of plotters after dark. Yet curfew was tolled at Carfax and elsewhere in the time of Alfred the Great and it would seem that William did but tighten up the law. To this day a winter curfew rings in many a village up and down the land and a townlet in this Sussex claims continuity since Domesday was compiled. For that is the strength of England, to hold to ancient customs—some almost meaningless, some of good habit, like the old ways of brewing preserved in your Worthington of to-day. Indeed, many a stoup of this grand ale must have been drained as the first bell-note trembled on the frosty air—its mellow warmth abetting healthy sleep.



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**Rugger Notes**—(Contd. from page 600)

It is hardly fair to criticize any of the Scottish back division, for they all worked desperately hard and were always dangerous with the ball. I am inclined to think that G. Roberts, the full back, deserves rather more credit than he has been given, for he had a very hard match and must have been thankful when it was over. The unfortunate forwards have come in for most of the blame, and it must be admitted that they deserved it. Something has gone wrong with Scottish forward play of recent years, and the abandonment of their old traditions and their adoption of the modern craze for winging has certainly not paid them. It is worth noting that two of the best of them were the Anglo-Scots, G. B. Horsburgh and W. B. Young. There should be several chances for new caps next season.

It is stated that H. B. Toft and R. W. Shaw, the English and Scottish captains, are both retiring from the game. Both will be sadly missed, for they have done wonderful service to their countries, and it is to be hoped that Toft will make it his business to instruct a capable successor.

**Petrol Vapour**—(Contd. from page 598)

Humber, Hillman and Sunbeam-Talbot, has got that mysterious quality called "drive." I don't pretend to know exactly what it is, but I would venture to suggest that it is a sort of mixture of faith and obstinacy. Drive can be unpleasant, when it tends to be a sort of bullying, or it can be pleasant when it tends to be inspiring. In Mr. Rootes it is entirely and delightfully inspiring. He could get the wildest ideas enthusiastically taken up owing to the sheer "go" he puts into his advocacy of them.



LORD AND LADY CAREW TALKING TO MRS. MUIR (right) AT THE LAUDERDALE POINT-TO-POINT

These races were held at Upper Blainslie, near Lauder, in fine but very cold weather. Lord Carew it will be remembered has recently taken over his uncle, Major E. M. Connolly's, seat, Castletown House, Co. Kildare, the largest private house in Eire. Lady Carew is the only daughter of Lord and Lady Lauderdale

At the same time that the election of Mr. Rootes took place, Mr. J. Albert Thomson was re-elected as deputy-president and Mr. H. Shankland and Captain A. C. R. Waite were elected vice-presidents. Thus the S.M.M.T. is prepared for what looks like being an energetic future.

Boats.

The other day I was talking about Sir Malcolm Campbell's search for a piece of water in Britain suitable for his forthcoming attempt on his own water-speed records. Now there is this new speed boat of Mr. Edward Spurr's. It has far less power than Sir Malcolm's boat, but it is much smaller and lighter. I am not sufficiently well versed in the technics of high-speed hull design to estimate the chances this new boat has, but I am told that Mr. Spurr believes that something in the region of 150 m.p.h. may be within reach. The present record is 134.94 m.p.h. At any rate, this new attempt will be watched sympathetically, especially because it represents an effort to achieve high speed without building up the power still further. Usually, however, sheer power has the last word however clever the design. We shall see.

The splendid collection of pictures of ships in the Parker Gallery's Spring Exhibition which opened at 2 Albemarle Street on Friday, March 24, and continues throughout April, illustrates the romantic story of British naval and mercantile achievements over a period of four centuries, beginning with the 1,500-ton *Henri Grace à Dieu*, built at Erith in 1514, by William Bond, master shipwright. She was the largest ship of her time and carried Henry VIII across the Channel to the "Field of the Cloth of Gold" in 1520. Rich in art and colour, as in history, these beautiful pictures appeal not only to connoisseurs and students, but generally to all intelligent people. The detailed catalogue of the Exhibition, which includes over four hundred items makes fascinating reading and constitutes, in fact, valuable work of reference. Here, indeed, are the keys which unlock the doors of the past in the most romantic and heroic field of British endeavour, and the range of material includes all waters and every variety of craft.

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## WEDDINGS and ENGAGEMENTS

## Weddings Abroad.

Lieutenant-Commander R. W. Griffith, R.N., and Miss Hazel Woods are being married at Beaulieu, France, on April 5, and on April 12 is the wedding of Captain L. Mitchell, Renala Khurd, Punjab, and Doris Vanrenen, of District Montgomery, Punjab. The marriage will take place in Lahore. Another wedding abroad is that which will shortly take place in Athens between Mr. P. D. Worthington, of Sekeri 8, Athens, second son of the late Mr. and Mrs. H. Worthington, of Alderley Edge, Cheshire, and Peggy, daughter of Mr. Llewelyn A. Hugh-Jones, Kefisia, Greece, and Mrs. E. G. Pelly, Kingsteignton, Devon.

Walker Roylance, of The Trowlock, Teddington, Middlesex; Mr. S. N. L. Maude, R.A.F., eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Aylmer Maude, and grandson of the late Colonel Leslie Davidson, C.B., R.A., and of Lady Theodora Davidson, and Juliet Audrey, only daughter of Captain Sugden Wilson, of Lock's Manor, Hurstpierpoint, and Mrs. Godfrey Lawson, of Blue Anchor Bay, Somerset;

Mr. R. E. Mercer, Royal Artillery, youngest son of the late Lawrence Mercer, C.I.E., and Mrs. Mercer, of Shelburne Hall, Cheltenham, and Beryl Elvina, only daughter of Major and Mrs. A. V. Holdridge, Fairy Point, Changi, Singapore; Mr. G. Branch, third son of the late Charles Branch and Mrs. Branch, of Hyde Park Square, and Prudence, younger daughter of the late Earl of Chichester and the Countess of Chichester, Chesham Place, S.W.1; Mr. C. F. Cathcart, younger son of Major and Mrs. F. A. Cathcart, of Drumgrange Ardnedee, Kircudbright, and Pamela Violet, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. D. Stirling, Kippenross, Dunblane, Perthshire; Mr. S. Scrope, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Scrope, of Danby, and Constance Mary, only child of Mr. Everard Weld, and the late Mrs. Weld, of Flaxbourne, New Zealand, and granddaughter of the late Sir Frederick Weld, G.C.M.G. of Chideock Manor, Dorset; Captain C. A. K. Wilson R.E., and Lorna, younger daughter of the late Major G. G. P. Humphreys, and Mrs. Humphreys, The Oast House, Crowborough.



MISS MARY CURTIS

Who is to marry Mr. Tim Readman, The Royal Scots Greys, eldest son of Lieutenant-Colonel J. J. Readman, D.S.O., and the late Hon. Mrs. C. Readman. Miss Curtis is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. Curtis, of Chipping Warden, Banbury

Harlip



MISS DOREEN HENDERSON

Who is to be married on the 25th April to Mr. J. G. Wordsworth, the elder son of the Rev. C. W. and Mrs. Wordsworth, of The Rectory, Coddensham, Ipswich. Miss Henderson is the younger daughter of the Hon. Eric and Mrs. Butler Henderson, of Facombe Manor, Andover

Yerke



MISS AURIOL HARBORD

The only daughter of Brigadier-General C. R. Harbord, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., and Mrs. Harbord, who is engaged to Mr. C. A. S. Palmer, only son of Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Palmer, of Shinfield Grange, Berks.

Pearl Freeman

## Recently Engaged.

Lieutenant B. G. B. Bordes, R.N., only son of Mrs. Bordes, of Well, Alford, Lincs, and grandson of the late Admiral C. E. Buckle, and Joyce, eldest daughter of Rear-Admiral and Mrs. F. H. W. Goolden, of Bedhampton, Hants; Mr. W. A. Mackey, F.R.C.S.Ed., Sandyford Place, Glasgow, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Mackey, Fairhaven, Saltcoats, and Joan Margaret, elder daughter of the late G. N. Sykes, and of Mrs. M. Kennedy Bouch, Learmonth Terrace, Edinburgh; Captain G. F. Cooke, Royal Artillery, only son of the late Lieutenant-General Sir Herbert Cooke, K.C.B., K.B.E., C.S.I., D.S.O., and the late Mrs. Cooke, and Olive Hilary, younger daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. R.



2 or 3 or more  
is fashion's decree

This season the most fashionable necklaces are of two or three rows—and more. If your jewel case can provide only a single row now is the time to choose something more elaborate. Let us show you a selection or quote for inexpensive alterations to your old necklace—without obligation, of course. Alternatively we will gladly make a generous allowance on it towards a new one. Your enquiry will be welcomed at any *Ciro* Shop or by letter addressed to *Ciro*, 48, Old Bond Street, London, W.1. Prompt and careful attention is assured.

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120 CHEAPSIDE, E.C.  
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## OTHER FASHIONABLE MODES OF WEARING PEARLS



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# Twist-twist

Wolsey's wonderful achievement! The sheerest gossamer stockings, permanently dull, perfectly clear — with 25% more wear. The finest quality silk money can buy. Spun with a strength-giving 'high-twist' — used for the best American stockings — but new over here. Knit with a new springiness which makes for fewer runs and sleeker foot and ankle fit. With an all-over toe-guard to increase wear. The sheerest evening sheers, daytime sheers and reverse knit sheers — in thrilling just-out colours. From all good shops — 4/11, 6/11 a pair. Wolsey Ltd. Leicester

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Wolsey

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# The Highway of Fashion

BY M. E. BROOKE



"INDIVIDUALITY" is a feature in Harrods, Knightsbridge, artistic salons. "Siena" is the colour in which they are interested; break a vase moulded on Grecian lines fresh from the potter's hand and that is the colour that is revealed. Of course, the whole gamut of clay shades is represented. They form a happy contrast to other fashionable shades. For instance, the coat and skirt on the left (which is harboured in the Suit Shop) is a perfect complement to the hat, bag and gloves in the modish siena shade; the suit is of an elusive blue-green, in Paris called ice green. It must be mentioned that this most desirable suit is only 7½ guineas. Note the clever manner in which the new uplift movement is introduced. A white lisse blouse completes the scheme, with a cascading jabot; a complete view of it is seen in the circle; it costs 59s. 6d. On the right is an affair of a completely different character. It is a study in black lace and white chiffon, and one may become the possessor of it for 39s. 6d. The cost of the last—but by no means the least—of this attractive trio is 35s. 9d.; it is carried out in dotted white muslin, charmingly trimmed with gauging and strapping



Pictures by Blake



# English Rose

..... the  
latest inspiration  
in make-up for  
the Spring ... be fresh,  
immaculate and lovely  
with a natural make-up,  
which is symbolised by  
the petal-tinted  
loveliness of an  
ENGLISH ROSE

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AND NAIL ENAMEL

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Stores throughout the Empire



# Suited & FURRED

A COUNTRY suit—no matter what the material—designed and carried out by Phillips is always a favourite. They are sold by outfitters of prestige, or application can be made to Phillips & Co., 12 Princes Street, Hanover Square, for the name and address of the nearest agent. They have the suit portrayed

JUST something different in the kingdom of furs is ever to be seen at Percy Vickery's, 245 Regent Street. Today he is specializing in—shall they be called wraplets?—which are so right for when the first rays of spring sunshine appear. On the left is a coat of civet cat; it is 25 guineas, and so is the monkey skin coat on the right. There is a youthful atmosphere about these models. It is a pleasant surprise that "chubby" skunk boleros are 19 guineas, and those of American broadtail 10 guineas.



*Pictures by Blake*



# Women's DAKS

*at last!*

SIMPSON TAILORED 30/-

Here are Women's Daks—the most flattering trousers ever made for the feminine figure. They have the same sleek fit at the waist, the same faultless hang, shirt control, and comfort-in-action as men's Daks—and we make them in the same 50 colours and 8 materials. Get a pair of grey Daks for week-ends. Have a pair of blues for the house. Go in for the whipcords or the corduroys for gardening. For cruising and the beach, choose gay, crease-resisting linens in Royal Blue, Lincoln Green or Breton Red. There's nothing so practical and smart for work or play as Daks. Go to your local Daks agent and ask for the Women's Daks Colour Chart. Or write to Simpson, 202 Piccadilly, London, W.1





# 3 Steps to Beauty



THERE are three steps to beauty—cleansing, lubricating and stimulating—declares Dorothy Gray, whose London laboratories are at Raynes Park. She has beauty counsellors in many of the notable salons throughout the United Kingdom, whose name and address she would be pleased to send on application, together with her brochure entitled "Your Lovely Skin." There is a counsellor at Fortnum & Mason, Piccadilly. The basic preparations, very simple to use, number only three



THE Dorothy Gray ideal is seen at the top of the page. For cleansing there is the salon cold cream, which is warmly recommended for the moderately dry skin. Superfluous matter must be removed with a tissue. To lubricate use Special Dry Skin Mixture in conjunction with toning oil. The former softens and smooths the skin, the latter keeps wrinkles at bay

*Pictures by Blake*

STIMULATION is part of every Dorothy Gray treatment. On the throat increasing flabbiness or crêpey quality of the skin is apparent. In order to overcome this trouble the aid of the Flower Skin Lotion must be sought. It should be patted on, as this stimulates local circulation. Individual "make-up" is very important. The guiding principle is "Be Yourself." All the natural individuality is brought out and gently accented







## *Haute Couture..*

*Announcing the arrival  
of the New Season's  
Model Collection*

**DEBENHAM & FREEBODY**

**Wigmore St., London, W.1**

(Debenhams, Ltd.)

LANGHAM 4444

**During the Difficult Months.**

THE mother to be has many difficult problems to face, among them being that of dressing appropriately and gracefully. Lilla, of 7 Lower Grosvenor Place, S.W.1., has issued a particularly interesting brochure that will be of the greatest assistance in this respect. It will gladly be sent on application. There are simple measurement forms. Furthermore, they would be glad to design special dresses and accessories. Illustrated on this page is a very practical jumper suit. It is provided with unusual and effective gadgets, and it must be mentioned that the skirt is mounted on a bodice. A few words must be said about the perfect skirt. It is comfortable, nevertheless neat-fitting, and there are darts to let out under the wrap. For 6½ guineas there are two-piece wool jersey suits. The coat is arranged with a square yoke and box pleats. The same idea expressed in angora is 5½ guineas. Useful wrap coats in frieze and other materials are from 8½ guineas. Again there are cleverly-cut smocks for 3 guineas.

**This Leaves No Traces.**

MODERN detectives could trace their women victims by stains of lipstick, left like a trail on teacups, towels and table napkins. Even though you fear no Poirot, no woman likes to leave these tell-tale marks. A really indelible lipstick has been produced by Dana in their "Rouge-Noir," sold practically everywhere. It looks black, but turns on the mouth to a deep, velvety crimson which will not rub off. Before you apply the lipstick, dry your lips thoroughly. Afterwards wipe off any surplus matter and allow the lipstick to dry.

**Soap to Match Your Scent.**

ONCE a perfume has been chosen it must be used consistently, for a careless mixture of scents loses all its effect. Many women already know and appreciate the charm of Yardley's "Orchis" perfume, so they will be glad to hear that a toilet soap is now available in the same series. This is finely scented so that a faint fragrance lingers after the bath, making a background for the perfume itself. "Orchis" is light and pleasant during the daytime, but quite sophisticated enough for formal evenings. The soap is cleverly curved to fit the hand, a practical and easy shape to use. A box of three tablets costs three shillings, and they are sold practically everywhere.

**Changing Your Colours.**

EVERY season new colours appear, and new clothes cannot always be bought to suit them. But last year's outfit can be dyed. Old ideas of streaky, badly-matched results vanish when the special Plus-Dyeing process perfected by Clark's of Retford is used. Safe, fast and thorough, this ensures an even shade over the whole garment. All stains are removed because Clark's Vita-Cleaning is included, free of charge, as part of the process. This particular kind of dry-cleaning puts new life into the cloth, restoring the original oils so that the fabric becomes crisp again. Clothes and furnishings can, of course, be Vita-Cleaned without being dyed. Simply post them to Clark's Dyeworks, Retford, enclosing instructions; the parcel will be returned post free.

**Health and Figure Fitness.**

KEEPING fit means regular exercise. This may sound simple, but it is not easy in the heart of London. So Lillywhites have

started a School for Figure Fitness at their Brompton Road, Knightsbridge, branch, where exercises are taught by a fully-qualified expert. The school is air-conditioned, delightfully fitted up with dressing-rooms and showers. Since individual coaching is essential, the number in each group is strictly limited; classes are graded for more or less strenuous work, but entirely private tuition can be arranged. There are also special classes for children. After the exercises, special massage is given with vibratory belts, excellent for reducing as well as for general fitness. Sportswomen, limbering up for an active season, can concentrate on special movements to improve their particular game. Lillywhites will send their illustrated leaflet giving further details, on application.

# THIS AND THAT

## Hints for spring shopping

**Hands Up for Beauty.**

"BEAUTY while you sleep" sounds like the busy woman's dream, but it comes true with the "Glovlies" method of achieving lovely hands. The special medicated fabric of which these gloves are made feeds the pores with a soothing emulsion, restoring the natural oils that have been dried out by sun, wind and hard water. If they are worn every night the skin will soon regain its vitality, for during sleep the tissues are relaxed and receptive. Even the cuticle of the nails becomes soft and easily manicured. "Glovlies" are comfortable to wear, quite dry and entirely non-greasy. They cost five shillings, and are sold practically everywhere. Incidentally, they can be washed and re-medicated with the lotion supplied with each pair.

**"Sta-Up-Top."**

CORSETS, like Beauty, were never discussed in the days of old; nowadays women realize the importance of the same, and all news about them is of paramount interest. The "Sta-Up-Top" girdle, a new innovation in corsetry, has been brought out by Warner Brothers in their "Le Gant" series. One garment in the collection, incorporating this feature, has a satin front and is so cut as to give a flat diaphragm; it has "Youthlastic" side sections, and the back section is of satin incorporating Lastex Yarn. At the top of this new ingenious device consisting of a four-inch Lastex Yarn band with woven in pockets in which featherweight bones are introduced to prevent the garment rolling over at the top. To put the matter in a nutshell, this flattering foundation garment creates: (1) the nipped-in waistline; (2) a flat diaphragm; (3) gracefully curved hips, the result being the best version of the Spring 1939 silhouette. It is capital news that this new "Sta-Up-Top" feature is also introduced in a corselette. Waistlines must be smaller, and this "Sta-Up-Top" feature gives the desired effect by hugging firmly to the midriff. The bust section has the new anchor bust, the fashioning of which is so clever that the bust line is raised to the new mode and must stay in place. The back has an adjustable feature, this being two rows of hooks and eyes. This feature together with the anchor bust pocket eliminates all "dragging down" of the bust line. There is also a strapless corselette, so designed with ribbon, lace and special boning that it is an ideal foundation for the "off the shoulder" evening frocks. These garments are sold practically everywhere but should difficulty be experienced in obtaining them application should be made to Warner Brothers of 40 Conduit Street, W.1, who will send name and address of their nearest agent.



IT IS THE CUT THAT COUNTS AT LILLA'S



# ZOTOS

MACHINELESS PERMANENT

Zotos, the new machineless permanent waving technique which is achieving such brilliant results, with a degree of comfort hitherto thought impossible, is now available at specially selected hairdressers. The stylists in these salons have received intensive training in the use of Zotos, and you may enjoy all that a Zotos permanent means in added comfort and lovelier results, knowing that your operator has received specialised instruction in this new art.



**BEXHILL-ON-SEA:**  
Mr. H. B. Jansen, 30 Devonshire Road.

**BOURNEMOUTH:**  
Messrs. Gale, Palace Court, Westover Road.

**BRADFORD:**  
Messrs. A. P. Fasnacht, 15 North Parade.

**CARDIFF, S. Wales:**  
Messrs. Jean, Pembroke Terrace.

**DORCHESTER:**  
Mr. W. C. L. Parsons, 35-36 Great Western Road.

**DUBLIN, Eire:**  
Maison Prost, 24 St. Stephens Green.

**EDINBURGH:**  
Messrs. James Duncan, 43 South Clerk Street.

**GUILDFORD, Surrey:**  
Maison Josephs, 57 High Street.

**HARROGATE:**  
Messrs. Grace & Hardy, 29 Montpelier Parade.

**HORSHAM, Sussex:**  
Maison Josephs, 39a West Street.

**HULL:**  
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**LONDON:**  
Messrs. Truefitt & Hill, Ltd., 23 Old Bond Street, W.1.

**READING, Berks:**  
Messrs. A. D. St. Clair, 3 Station Road.

**SALISBURY, Wilts:**  
Maison Trump, 15 Catherine Street.

**SHEFFIELD:**  
The Maison Eugene, 282 Glossop Road.

**SOUTHAMPTON, Hants:**  
Messrs. Plummer Roddis, Ltd.

**SUTTON, Surrey:**  
Maison Josephs, 41 High Street.

**SWANSEA:**  
Mr. E. Woodward, 5 Heathfield Street.

**TORQUAY:**  
Maison Stephens et Cie, Ltd., 66 Union Street.

**TUNBRIDGE WELLS, Kent:**  
Messrs. Jayne Coleman, 20 Grosvenor Road.

**WEYMOUTH:**  
"Trumps," 11 Augusta Place, Esplanade.



Write for brochure and price list to any of the above agents or to the London headquarters.

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Permanent

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**TRUEFITT and HILL**  
LIMITED

25 OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1

APPOINTMENTS BUREAU: TELEPHONE REGENT 2961 (3 LINES)

*The Gift of Beauty*



The Yardley Way to Beauty is founded on these fundamental preparations—Skin Food, Astringent Skin Tonic (or Toning Lotion), Foundation Cream, English Complexion Powder, Complexion Milk, Liquefying Cleansing Cream. In Beauty Box complete, one guinea, or separately, 3/6.

The precious gift of natural fresh loveliness is offered to you in the perfect preparations of the Yardley Home Beauty Treatment. Nourish your skin with the Yardley Skin Food, experience the way it rejuvenates your complexion and awakens a new beauty in your face. Then spring-tone your complexion with the dew-fresh Yardley Astringent Skin Tonic, see how it invigorates the tissues and improves the tint and texture of your skin—especially if it is inclined to be oily. Then you will be eager to benefit from the other essentials of the Yardley Home Beauty Treatment.

Write for "The Yardley Way to Beauty." Post free on request.

*Yardley*

BEAUTY TREATMENT SALONS 35 OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1



LONG-HAIRED DACHSHUNDS

Property of Mrs. Smith Rewse

## LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION NOTES

Our Open Show was a great success. Olympia looked its best with the rings down the middle of the main hall. There was a good attendance and great interest was shown in the proceedings. The "group system" worked extremely well, and there is no doubt it is much more interesting for spectators.

The three judges

of the final "Best of winners of the groups" were the Duchess of Newcastle, Mr. McCandlish, and General Lance. After a good deal of deliberation, they awarded the prize to the Fox Terrier Foxdenton Wayward Miss, with the Elkhound, Ch. Kren of the Hollow, as runner up. There was also a large crowd watching the obedience classes, which were judged by Mrs. Cecil Wright and Miss Workman. These classes are a revelation of what dogs can do; as all breeds are represented, including Corgis, Poodles, Schnauzers, Shetland Sheepdogs. In the toy obedience classes, Pekinese, Papillons, and Brussels Griffons competed. The show can be ranked as one of the most successful ever held by the association, and the result must be a great satisfaction to Lady Burton, Mrs. Nagle and Mrs. Pye who have worked so hard to make it a success. Mrs. Pye was in the office in spite of having barely recovered from a bad attack of influenza.

The Greyhound is one of the oldest types of dog. Far back down the ages they appear on sculpture, practically the same dogs as now. In the middle ages they were highly prized, no one under noble rank was allowed to own them. Coursing is a very old sport and has been carried on in this country for hundreds of years. The latest development is track racing, which has become immensely popular. The Greyhound is a

most beautiful dog, a model of symmetry and grace. Mrs. Wedd owns a well known and successful kennel of Greyhounds. The photograph is of Gypsy Princess and Ch. Jermony of Harrowins; they have won 350 prizes, sixty-eight cups and specials, twenty-five open brace classes. Gypsy Princess won three challenge cups at Cruft's last year, and was made "best Greyhound." Mrs. Wedd also boards and trains track Greyhounds and several from her kennel have broken track records. There are always good show and track dogs, also puppies for sale. Two have recently been sent to India to the Rajah of Darkhanga.

One of the best known and oldest established kennels of French Bulldogs is that of Mrs. Townsend Green. She has bred many winners. She sends a photograph of her latest pair of winners, Douska and Dulcie, litter sisters, sixteen months old. Douska, on the right, won the certificate at Cruft's and at our show; they are home bred and a lovely brace. Mrs. Townsend Green has some nice puppies for disposal, which can be seen in London by appointment. French Bulldogs make specially good companions, as they are highly intelligent and content with ordinary life.

The long-haired Dachshund is a variety of the smooth. He has been known in Germany for many years but has only been seen in this country comparatively recently. He has done well, as he is an extremely handsome, attractive dog. Mrs. Smith Rewse has a very successful kennel. The photograph is of Ch. Golden Lady, winner of five champion certificates, and Black Knight, winner of two.

Letters to Miss Bruce, Nuthooks, Cadnam, Southampton.



FRENCH BULLDOGS

Property of Mrs. Townsend Green



GYPSY PRINCESS AND CH. JERMONY OF HARROWINS

Property of Mrs. Wedd



## EVERYBODY WHO IS ANYBODY IS WEARING PEARLS

Pearls are in the ascendant and many well-known women have been choosing two, three, four and even five row Necklaces from the Tecla collection. Some have selected rare specimen Pearls of indescribable beauty costing as much as a thousand pounds. Others have spent no more than ten guineas because at No. 7 Old Bond Street one can choose Pearls that are guaranteed for a lifetime—for as little as five guineas per row. No matter what you wish to pay—Tecla, the leading cultured Real Pearl specialist offers the best quality and the biggest variety by far. Please call at No. 7.

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Matinée  
FILTER TIPPED  
CIGARETTES

Lambert & Butler  
ESTD 1892

15 CIGARETTES

These Matinée filter tipped Virginia cigarettes in their slim black case cost 1/- for 15

BRITISH CARS ARE BEST

THE WORD

**"EXCEPTIONAL"**

UNDERSTATES THIS QUALITY CAR'S PERFORMANCE

*A smooth 70 m.p.h.**Amazing silence**Extreme comfort*Sixteen Coach Saloon  
or Touring Saloon £380

A **£**'s VALUE FOR  
EVERY **£** SPENT

Your preconceived notions of what a 16 h.p. saloon should do will be shattered after a trial of the New Sixteen Armstrong Siddeley. Here is a car entirely out of the commonplace, with remarkable refinement of performance. Its 'Balanced Drive,' embodying self-changing gears, gives a surge of smooth power; its silent, effortless gathering of speed up to well over 70 m.p.h. is astonishing. Handling in traffic is simplicity itself, and the car not only commands unusually high average speeds, but will *maintain* this attribute long after other cars are past their prime. Among full five-seater saloons, no car today offers such honest value for every pound spent. A demonstration will be gladly given. Illustrated catalogue will be sent on request.

**ARMSTRONG SIDDELEY**

CARS OF QUALITY

Armstrong Siddeley Motors Ltd.,  
Coventry. (A branch of Hawker  
Siddeley Aircraft Co., Ltd.)London Showrooms: 10, Old Bond  
Street, W.1.  
Agents in all principal centres.**Pictures in the Fire—**(Continued from page 587)

All eavesdroppers are bound to be vulnerable the moment they are detected. Who is likely to be caught first, the silent ones or the noisy ones?

How about obstacles which would never, and have never, stopped real cavalry on reconnaissance? Rivers, deep brooks, ravines, called by some nullahs, broken, boulder-strewn country, belts of even light woodland, to say nowt of anything of the Pinch-Me-Near Forest type? They probably would not have to take on many vertical obstacles, because few fields on the Continent are enclosed, but all those other things are possibilities. How about the new concrete tree trunks specially devised to stop wheels?

I should like to see how many cavalry tanks charging down from

Shuckburgh, let us say, would get across the Braunston Brook in the Pytchley country. I dare wager that it would mop up the lot. Cast your mind back also to that "tank" battle at Towton, 1461, the really decisive action of the Wars of the Roses, and the biggest scrap ever fought on English soil. Every knight in armour was the equivalent of a modern cavalry tank. A nice mess the Lancastrians' cavalry got into at the Cock Beck—it is in the Bramham Moor country. "Unarmoured" cavalry would probably have jumped it by brigades in line, that is to say, if the O.C. operations had been so silly as to select that particular spot for using his cavalry and in a blinding snowstorm and all! The Lancastrians deserved all that came to them, for they cannot have had any ground scouts out. It was a really cock-eyed show. The Cock Beck would certainly stop the modern knight-in-armour car. Go and have a look at it and then say whether you do not agree.



S. J. Herbert &amp; Sons

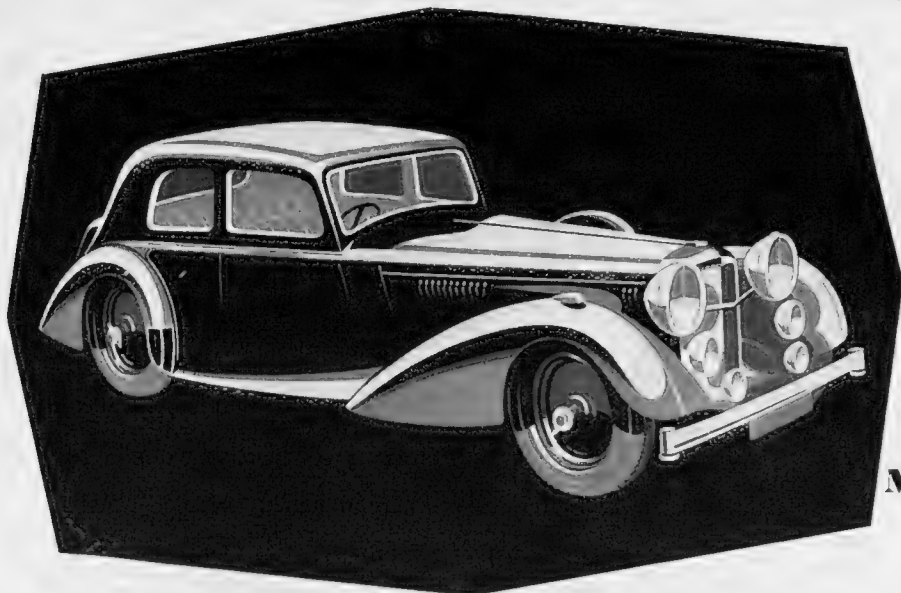
IN "HANDS TO DANCE AND SKYLARK,"  
BY H.M.S. "OSPREY" AND FRIENDS

Mrs. Peggy Falcon-Stewart and Lieutenant-Commander Archie Dunn in one of the scenes in the production which was in aid of Barnardo's Homes, and was organized by the officers of the Portland Naval Establishment (H.M.S. *Osprey*), aided by some of their friends. Captain A. C. G. Madden produced

The Romans also found the Cock Beck very awkward. There is a ford called the Bridge of Bodies—nature of the flooring being supposed to be the bones of the gallant Roman horse, foot and dragoons who perished there. Do not let it be thought for one moment that I am anti-tank—far from it—all that I contend is that cavalry tanks will make a poor show masquerading as the eyes and ears of an army, and that that job can be done ten times better by real cavalry, and probably at less expense where casualties are concerned. Give the modern high velocity anti-tank weapon a well-advertised target and she won't leave much of it left. And I am told by a sure hand that there is a very fine weapon of this class somewhere in Europe.

The eyes and ears of every army will be bound to encounter the eyes and ears of the other chap—and casualties must happen, but under which system would they be the less devastating and served by which system would you get the most information? I am for the human cavalry every time v. The Robot.



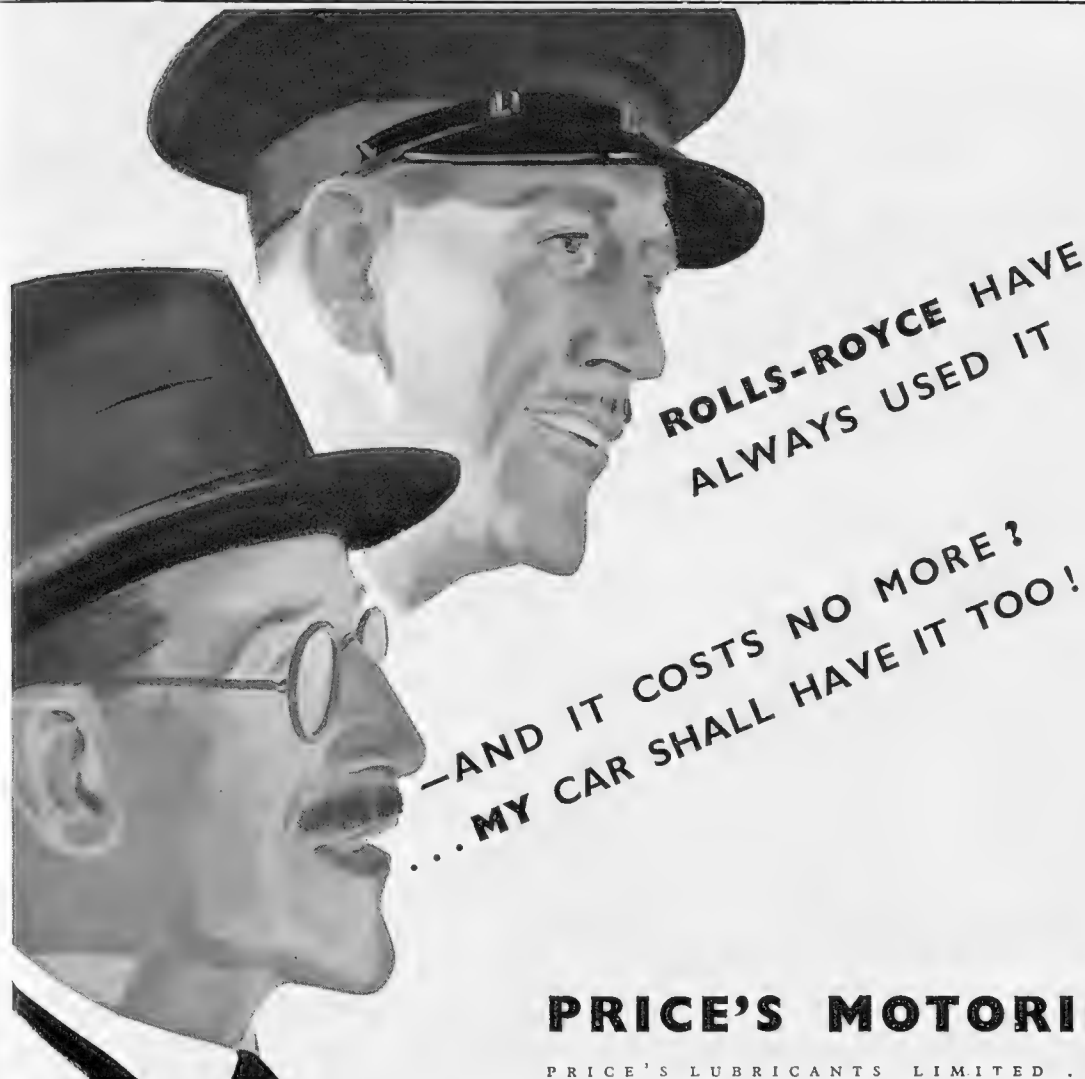


## Mass-production is a foreign language to him

Whatever merits mass-production has in providing transport for the millions, its methods are the very antithesis of the careful craftsmanship bestowed on the Alvis Speed 25. Here is a car made from first to last with painstaking precision . . . where minutes matter less than the fact that each step must be a step to perfection, and no man has to save pennies working down

to a price. This way and only this way could produce a silent all synchro-mesh gearbox which the world has tried to copy . . . an engine with such flexible dynamic power and performance to delight every motorist worthy of the name. This way and only this way has produced the Alvis Speed 25—with everything its name implies.

THE ALVIS RANGE: 12/70 from £425. "Silver Crest" from £595. Speed 25 4-door Saloon £885. (Drophead Coupe £885. Sports Tourer £735). 4.3 litre from £995. London Showrooms: 7/9 St. James's St., S.W.1 (Whitehall 8506). Alvis Ltd., Coventry



How much of Rolls-Royce silken smoothness and silent speed would remain if the lubrication of those perfect bearing surfaces were to fail? Way back in 1906, when the first Rolls-Royce was made, those pioneer builders chose an oil worthy of the best car in the world. Today, 33 years later, Rolls-Royce still use and recommend that same oil—Price's Motorine! Can you, knowing this—and knowing, too, that it costs no more than other high-grade oils—use anything but Motorine in *your* car?

RECOMMENDED OR APPROVED BY  
ROLLS-ROYCE, BENTLEY, MORRIS,  
AUSTIN, SINGER, VAUXHALL, M.G.,  
BUICK, RILEY, WOLSELEY, ROVER, ETC.

## PRICE'S MOTORINE—THE 'OILIER' OIL

PRICE'S LUBRICANTS LIMITED . BATTERSEA . LONDON . SW11

## AIR EDDIES By OLIVER STEWART

### Emergency Planes.

AND the twain shall be one transport unit: I mean the private aeroplane owner and his machine. The Air Ministry is not taking quite enough notice of this affinity in its plans for using privately owned aeroplanes in a national emergency. (How much less disturbing is the official euphemism than the blunt word, war; how much more in keeping with the views of the testy Timesians who criticize the B.B.C.'s alleged sensationalism—and how much feebler and more timorous!) The official plan is that, in war, the aeroplanes are to be confiscated while the pilots are left to their own devices. In other words, those whom taste and experience have joined together, the Air Ministry proposes to put asunder.

Now if all private aeroplane owners were members of the Civil Air Guard or else of the Reserve of Air Force Officers or some equally active aeronautical organization, the plan might be accepted; but everybody who is in touch with private and club flying knows that many private aeroplane owners at the present time are people who have not joined and have no need to join the Civil Air Guard and who, for a variety of reasons, are not on the Reserve. So here they are standing ready with their aeroplanes, able to serve the State in a manner which must be of some value, yet told to go away and leave their aeroplanes behind. I suppose really it is an oversight.

There has been so much to do lately in the organizing of defence and so little time to do it in, that it is impossible to blame the authorities for this comparatively minor muddle. But I should like to see it cleared up soon, because privately owned aeroplanes could be useful in an "emergency" for communications and secondary transport purposes if they were taken over with their pilots; but they would be less useful if they were commandeered alone. The private owner knows his machine. I recall once, as the perfect proof of the value of this knowledge, a private aeroplane whose cabin door, when the machine was standing on the ground with no one on board, could be opened only after someone had been prevailed upon to lean heavily against a certain point about half-way down the fuselage. Without this strange form of assistance, the door remained more firmly shut than if it had been secured with the most complicated lock. That is the kind of individual peculiarity many privately owned machines possess, and woe to him who tries to fly them without the requisite inside information. All of which goes to show that, with his machine, the private owner forms a useful transport unit, but that without it, his special aeronautical knowledge and experience are likely to be wasted.

### Air Services.

Much useful and interesting information came out of the meeting held a couple of weeks ago with representatives of Imperial Airways and of British Airways. Mr. R. H. Maxwell, for British Airways, did nobly in the matter of achieving the reply which turneth away excessive inquisitiveness. He detailed the proposed summer services to be run by the company and mentioned the valuable air mail facilities which they will make available. The London-Paris service is going to be a joint undertaking between the two companies. This is not what the Cadman Report recommended, but is on the contrary a step towards that merger which will be in opposition to the recommendations both of this committee and of the Fisher Committee. But it seems that Sir John Reith, has over-ruled all the recommendations of committees and contrived to make the Air Ministry agree to letting him absorb British Airways in the Greater Reith.

Some people say that British Airways do not mind. Mr. Maxwell refused to be drawn or to reveal how far the merger would affect the independence of his company. One thing that did become clear, however, as a result of a question I put to representatives of both companies. It is that, apart from experimental types, no new types of landplane have been ordered by either company. The other day I said that the Air Ministry had ordered fourteen of the new Fairey four-engined commercial machines, but there is no definition as yet about the future use of these machines. They might go to British Airways; or they might go to Imperial Airways. Presumably they will be spoon fed to somebody. The whole thing is an example of the way in which Government subsidies sap initiative. Today, neither of the big companies is prepared to place an order on its own; they both wait on the Air Ministry.

### Club Profits.

Rather similar in their tendency to kill initiative are the Government's measures to restrict the profits earned by flying clubs engaged on the training of Civil Air Guard members. The figure of five per cent has been fixed as the limit in any one year. Whether it is a fair figure depends upon the amount of money that must be attracted from the public for providing aircraft and other equipment. It is not exactly the kind of profit that will bring a rush of subscribers. And if the public fails to respond to the clubs' demands for capital, the machine necessary for doing the training cannot be bought. The alternative that the Air Ministry should take another step towards full control of the clubs by arranging with them to advance money on some suitable repayment basis, for the purchase of machines.

By Appointment

to the late King George V.



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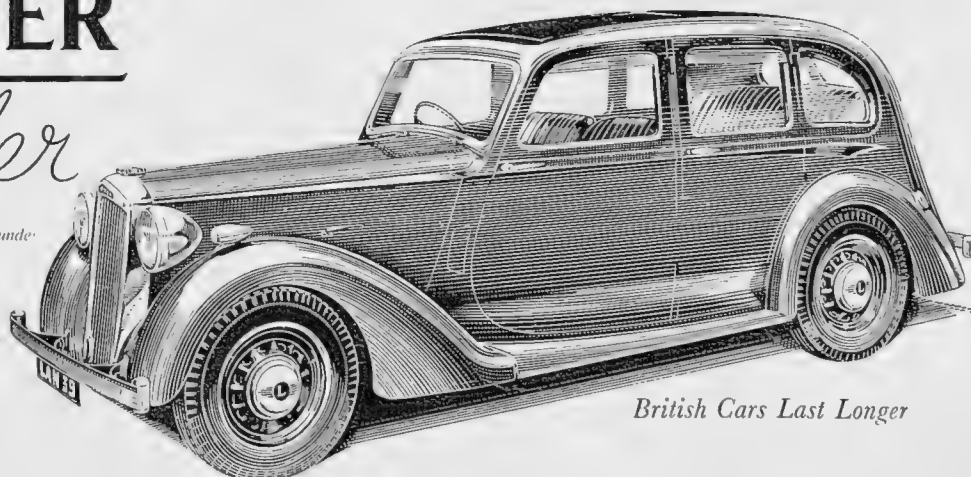
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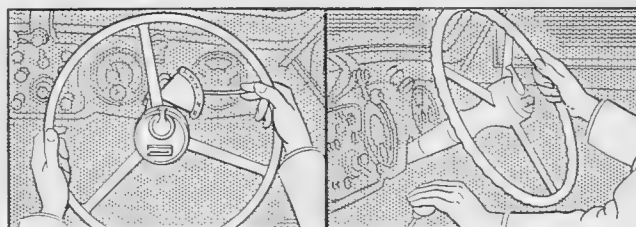
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BRINGING IN THE LEEK AT THE LONDON WELSH GOLFING ASSOCIATION ANNUAL DINNER.

The London Welsh Golfing Association held their Annual Dinner at the Holborn Restaurant recently, when 138 members and guests were present. The Society, which has a membership of 150, arranges some excellent competition matches throughout the year. Among their chief guests were the famous plastic surgeon and golfer Sir Harold Gillies, and Captain Paul Bennett, V.C., M.C. Names (left to right) are as follows: Sir Harold Gillies; T. Sidney Harries, Captain; Tudwal Jones; Vivian Jenkins, the Welsh Rugby International; Dai Richards at the piano; Captain Paul Bennett, V.C., M.C.; the Reverend J. P. Stephens, M.A.; Hugh P. Roberts; T. B. Stephens, Hon. Sec.; T. Bronant Jones, retiring captain of Hendon Golf Club, and Tudor Phillips, Vice-Captain of the Association



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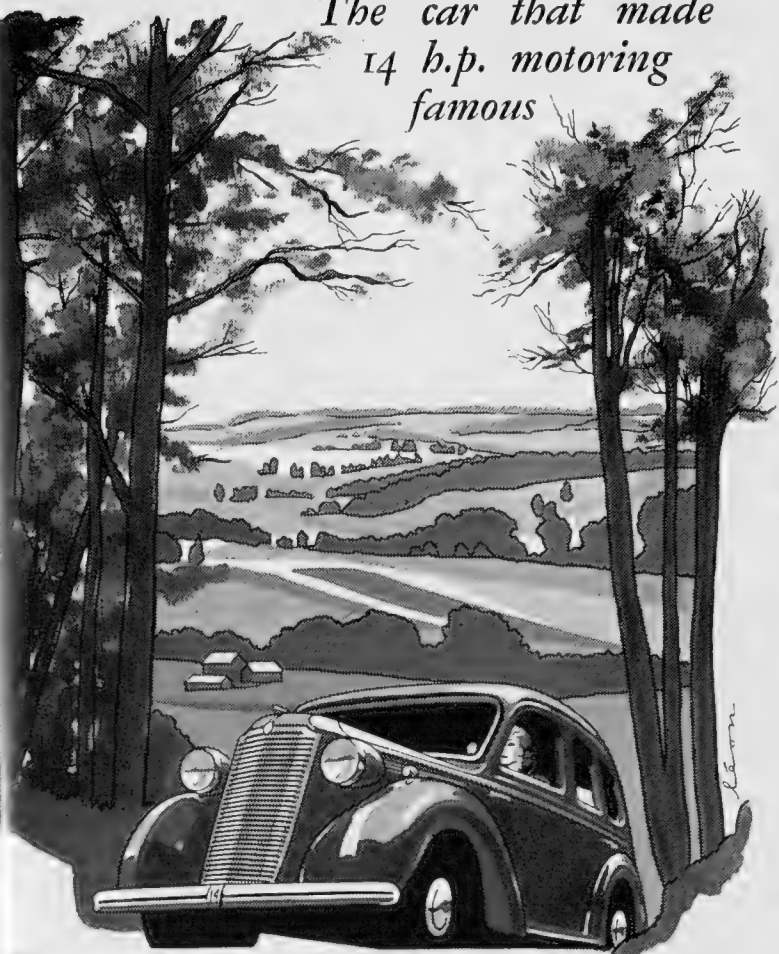
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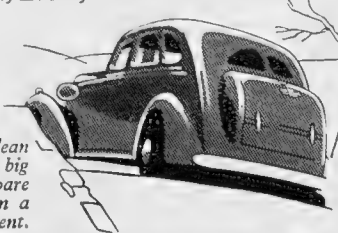
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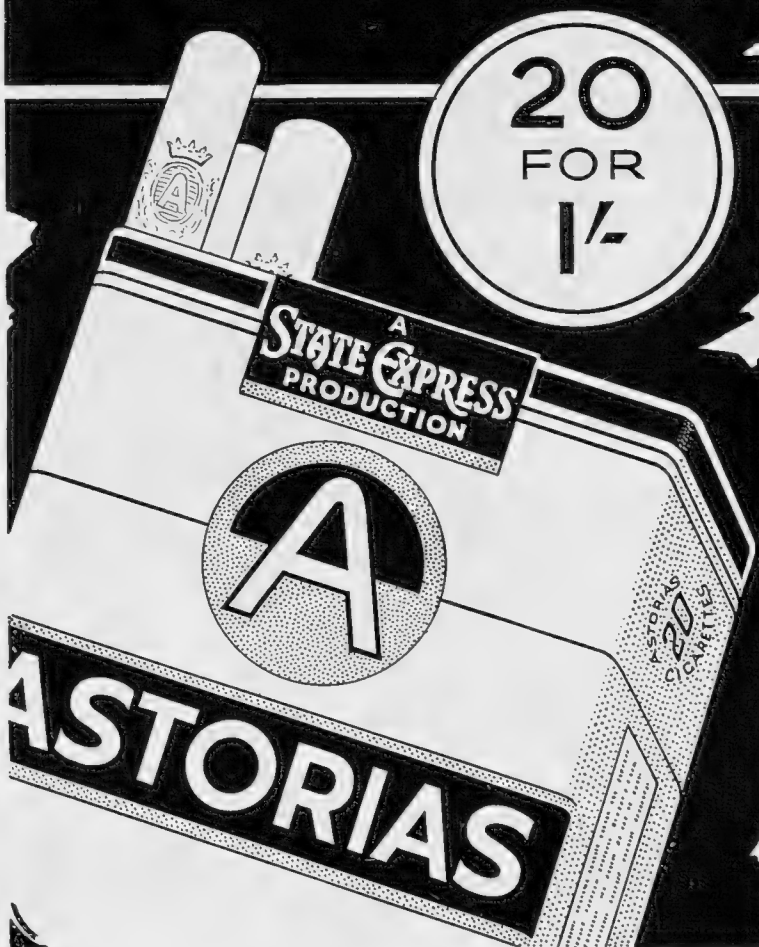
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## From the Shires and Provinces—(Contd. from page 596)

### From the Fernie.

With a later hour for meeting, people straggled into the Laughton hamlet on Monday to practically finish the season in the Monday country. There were many visitors with us, amongst others, that well-known performer in jumping contests, Captain Talbot-Ponsonby, and several white collars from the Pytchley. The Laughton Hills failed, although known to shelter numerous members of the fox family. No doubt the approach of the mounted, plus motor cars, gave warning, and naturally Charles makes his get-away before the arrival of his pursuers. From Mowsley we had a run up to the Welford turnpike to turn back on to the Theddington Flats, where scent was quite non-existent. Fortunately Wardie viewed the tired vulp coming over the canal and Peaker was able to lay hounds on and mark to ground in Bosworth. In sticky going, after recent rains, a good gallop over the old point-to-point course made amends for a moderate day. The Squire of Winkadale welcomed all at Bushby, on Thursday. Always a popular meet, the generosity of this pillar of the Hunt, is that of the Bedouin. The field rode over to Thurnby Covert where a fox was at home. Going out for Houghton, the hunt swung round through Halls and Harris's to finish an enjoyable forty minutes at Glen Gorse. There were various spills on the way, the lady on the grey taking a bad one, but she recovered to finish the day. The Scottish lady from the Linlithgow and Stirling, was going well and revelled in the grass country. A cold rain sent many home early. The Hunt horses go up for sale on May 6, at Leicester. So ends another season.

### From the Heythrop.

The past week has, in every sense of the word, been a complete contrast to its predecessor. A change in the weather to cold north winds has made scenting conditions bad and sport has suffered accordingly: a change in the world situation from set-fair to stormy, has brought with it an atmosphere of tension, but yet everywhere one finds a courageous, cool determination to face whatever may be in store, typical of the Englishman at his best.

On Monday, at Pomfret Castle, foxes were conspicuous by their absence and if only Hitler was similarly conspicuous, how happy would we all be to mark him to ground. We did not find until after 2 o'clock, but once we succeeded in finding, we made the best of the prevailing poor-scenting conditions. Odd as it may seem, an identically similar

process was repeated on Friday at Copse Hill, and on Saturday, at Ditchley. At Taynton, on Wednesday, however, we found a fox quite quickly, but lost it with almost equal alacrity. If only there were as many stinkers amongst the vulpine inhabitants as there are amongst the human, we should have killed over a hundred brace of foxes; as it is, we are well into the nineties, which establishes a record for the country.

### From the Pytchley.

Two weeks, hunting to write about, and the last article to finish another hunting season.

Judie provided some excellent sport at Kelmarsh, a beautiful setting for a meet. Many visitors included Virginia Brand, and that fast-galloping Robin Wilson. Mr. Teal gave a fine circus show outside Tally-Ho. The foreign resident at Guilsborough also providing some news for the chatterboxes.

A large crowd out at Braunston for a disappointing day, with hopeless scenting conditions. Kitten Cayzer complaining about the English climate after a month at Palm Beach. Poor Barker had a nasty fall, and was lucky to escape unhurt.

The cold was intense on Friday, and little could be done with Sulby and Marston foxes.

Holdenby was the appointed meeting place on Saturday. A long-deserved Saturday hunt was great fun from the Jubilee covert. Several people in the Teeton Brook, but it took an even braver horse to push through those first crowded gateways. The Pytchley ladies excel themselves when it comes to thrusting along.

We are praying for fine weather for the point-to-point at Great Brington on Thursday. A record number of entries and a fine course to ride over.

### South Cheshire.

By the time these notes appear, season 1938-39 will have closed in Cheshire; it seems sadly strange that it should have opened and now come to an end under a cloud of world crisis. We must, however, for a moment cast our minds back over the last five months, a season possibly of not outstanding sport, but what fun it has all been, and whatever the next five months hold in store, some of us will not forget that evening hunt from Bunbury Locks—a good hunt stolen out of the snow from Sound Common, with an outlier from a pit; followed by the topper the next week from Baddiley into the Houghton, Hurleston.

(Continued on page 598)

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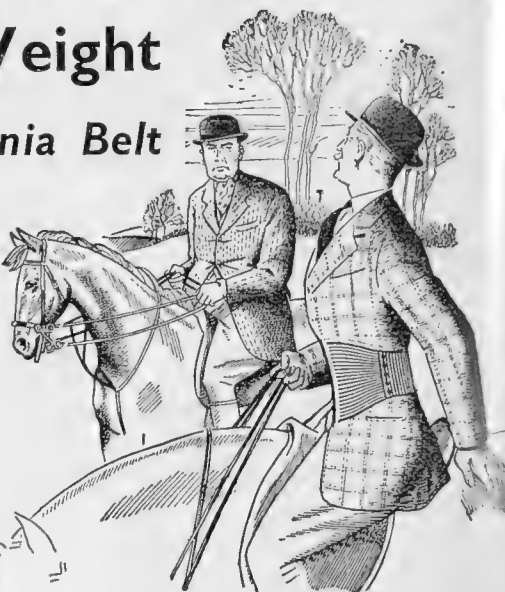
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## From the Shires and Provinces—(Contd. from page xx)

country, to ground near Stoke cottage. From Wrenbury to Cholmondeley, in top gear all the way. Two really good hunts after the Hunt Ball, and a glorious ride last Saturday for twenty minutes over the Eaton estate, are just a few of the good things to be remembered.

With a thousand thanks to our two young Masters for all their trouble, may this, their first season, be the first of many to come, and to you all, the best of luck till next we meet again at Ox-heys farm.

### Beaufort and Gloucestershire Gleanings.

The March winds have set in with full force, and at times it has been an acrobatic feat to remain in the plate! Taking all things into consideration, most packs in the west seem to have had their full share of good sport. The Berkeley have had some wonderful scenting days in the marsh country, with very good points. Mr. Lister, of Dursley Farm, is joining the present Masters next season and we wish him the best of luck. The east was badly interfered with by foot and mouth, but in spite of this has had some very useful Fridays in that delightful country around Charlton. The point-to-point last week was the greatest success, delightful weather and a record number of runners. Congratulations to Major Hugh Rycroft, on a first-class show. "T" Knutsford is retiring as joint-Master and his place has been filled by Sir Thomas Meyrick from the South Pembrokehire country, who will hunt the hounds himself. The Cricklade have scored some first-class hunts in spite of the very heavy going, and the "Black and Tans" have caused a lot of excitement in many ways! Major Alex Mitchell, of Poulton Priory is joining the present Master next season. Owing to the illness of Major "Dan" Moore, the Secretary, Colonel Fitzgerald has taken over the duties and will carry on again next season.

### From the Grafton.

This week started with the excitement of the Weedon cross-country point-to-point, over a stiff line between Lichborough and Preston Capes. Two of the jumps were a bit over the odds, with the result that Major Toler-Aylward not only broke his horse's back, but also his own arm (incidentally the horse belonged to General Kingston). Lord Amherst was unlucky at the first fence, his horse falling. Eleven competed and the race was won in great style by that fine horseman, Major Sheppard, with his horse full of running. The meet followed on from Preston Capes—more people and more cars than ever! They found in

Hayne's Gorse and went on to Everdon Stubbs—passing Everdon, they turned back over the brook to Knightley Wood. They hunted again towards Mainford Grange, back again through Knightley Wood, via High Wood to Preston Capes. Too many cars prevented the fox crossing the Charwelton road. Friday was a return to wintry conditions when hounds met at Weston with icy showers of sleet and snow. After rousing the foxes in Plumpton Wood, they unfortunately went away on a vixen and had to abandon chase. The rest of the day was more or less blank, scenting getting worse and worse. As this is my last letter to you this season, I must say a word of praise for our new Master, Lord Cadogan. He has hunted hounds himself on woodland days with enormous success, which speaks for itself, as everyone knows the vastness of the Grafton Woods. It has been a severe and trying winter, what with foot-and-mouth, etc.: but with all this, the Grafton have shown excellent sport. We have our point-to-point over a grand course on the 30th, followed by hunter trials on April 3.

### From Lincolnshire.

Our last contribution this season is full of good things! With scent serving well on Saturday (March 18), most of the county packs took advantage of their opportunities. The Blankney had a gruelling day from Boothby Graffoe, and although hounds failed to kill a fox, they gave at least two a terrible fright as they raced round and round the beautiful Vale. The Burton showed their best form by hunting a fox from Hackthorn Gorse—as straight as the crow flies—to Caenby, where they caught him in the open—a six-mile point in fifty minutes; and the Brocklesby were running hard in the wake of a fox for two and a half hours before failing light compelled them to stop. Everybody was delighted to see the Brigadier-General out with the Belvoir, after his nasty toss earlier in the week.

At the time of writing no decision had been reached regarding the future of the Southwold, and much would be given if we could have back those good old days when Mr. Preston Rawnsley ruled over the destinies of the pack for forty seasons.

*If You Only Knew*, a new play, by E. C. Pollard, presenting an interesting problem and providing many thrills, commenced a short season at the Richmond Theatre on Tuesday, March 28. A very strong cast indeed has been secured for this play, consisting of: Anna Konstan (sister-in-law of "Bunny" Austin the famous tennis player), Wallace Douglas, Ian Fleming, Winifred Evans, Lindisfarne Hamilton and Lawrence Hardman.

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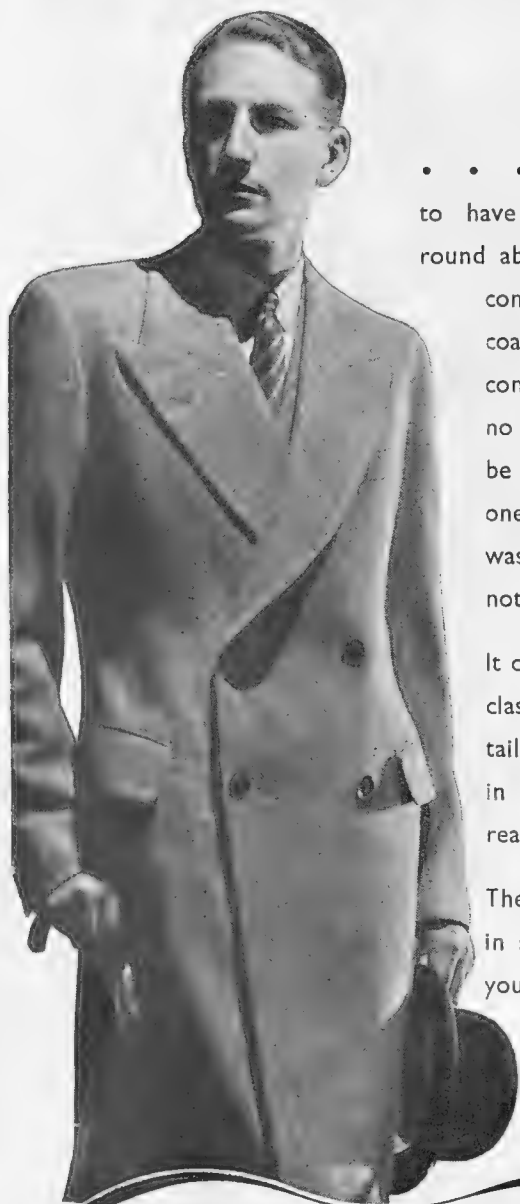


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The Friends of the Poor, 42 Ebury Street, S.W.1., write us :—"Two elderly gentlewomen accustomed to every comfort in their youth are now faced with poverty and ill health. Through no fault of their own, their entire income has vanished. Living in a tumble-down cottage, they manage to make a small sum of money by the sale of puppies. A few shillings a week would mean so much to them. Will someone be a good friend and send us £6 10s. that we may give them 2/6 weekly for one year."

"H.R.H. The Duke of Kent has consented to attend a film première on behalf of The King Edward Memorial Hospital, Ealing, at the Plaza Theatre, on Tuesday, June 20. The title of the film to be shown will be announced later."

An interesting feature of the ceremony at the new Mary Macarthur Holiday Home at Stansted, Essex, on Friday, March 31, will be the presentation of purses to Her Majesty Queen Mary, when she graciously opens the Home. Collections have come from many sources towards the £10,000 required to complete the purchase, reconstruct, decorate and furnish this Home. Purses are being presented by factory inspectors, magistrates (the Middlesex magistrates are giving a special purse), several City firms, employers' associations, trade unions, women's institutes, private individuals and collections raised by the staff of several large firms. The contents of the purses range from five to over a hundred guineas. The villagers of Stansted, Ugley (which though Ugley by name is obviously not ugly by nature), Quendon and Rickling, Birchanger, Manuelden and Farnham, have all contributed generously to the funds of this most deserving object. During the ceremony the head girl of Stansted Village School, Joan Bush, will present a bouquet to H.M. Queen Mary. The drive of the Home will be lined by the village schoolchildren, and the local Girl Guides will take part in the proceedings. Hundreds of working-class women will travel by special buses from all parts of the country to welcome Her Majesty and attend the opening ceremony of the new Holiday Home, which will fill so great a need in providing rest and recuperation for so many working-class mothers and workers.



VAN AND ALLAN, THE MUSIC HALL BOYS

Van Kirk and Allan Sterling, the clever and amusing American act, are making a big success at the Grosvenor House Cabaret, where they are at present paying a regular visit. Van Kirk as the compère is a real humorist.

Manuelden and Farnham, have all contributed generously to the funds of this most deserving object. During the ceremony the head girl of Stansted Village School, Joan Bush, will present a bouquet to H.M. Queen Mary. The drive of the Home will be lined by the village schoolchildren, and the local Girl Guides will take part in the proceedings. Hundreds of working-class women will travel by special buses from all parts of the country to welcome Her Majesty and attend the opening ceremony of the new Holiday Home, which will fill so great a need in providing rest and recuperation for so many working-class mothers and workers.



Cannons of Hollywood

HERMIONE GINGOLD, THE STAR OF THE GATE REVUE, AT THE AMBASSADORS

As one newspaper so aptly described this revue, it is one of wit rather than of legs, and therefore a great deal better in every way because, after all, legs nowadays are rather commonplace. Hermione Gingold's songs are quite brilliant, especially the one about a medium. This show should provide the Ambassadors with a very good tenant for quite a long while.

At the Streatham Hill Theatre this week, that successful play *Glorious Morning* is being given with the entire company and production from the Whitehall Theatre.

Vivian Van Damm presented *Revuedeille* 118 at the Windmill Theatre on Mar 27. Meggie Eaton and Lorna Tarr are the soubrettes, and Hal Bryan is the principal comedian.



# SLANT ON STRIPES



*Shepherd*

**BRAEMAR**  
KNITWEAR

Stripes with a difference. Diagonal stripes that work pure magic with the figure. A gay Braemar blouse in Botany wool with corded silk facings that will give verve to your town clothes and a touch of excitement to your tweeds. Unusual colour combinations. Costs 27/6. Do write for New Spring Booklet (to address below) — it shows lots of new styles and the 1939 range of colours.

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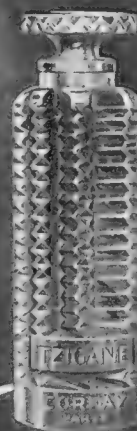
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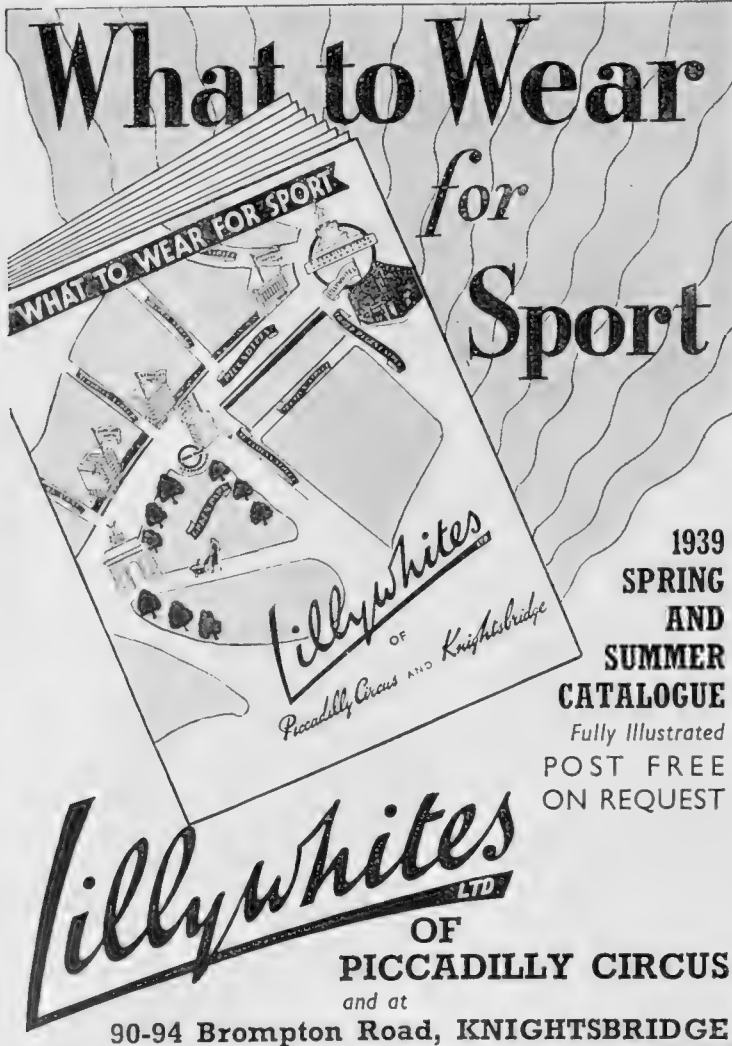


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*At all Leading Silversmiths*

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by Joan Woolcom

Written by an eminent authority this invaluable booklet clearly explains how to set the table on occasions. It also contains with the care of silverware. Free copy on application to Community, 189 (Regent Street, W.1).

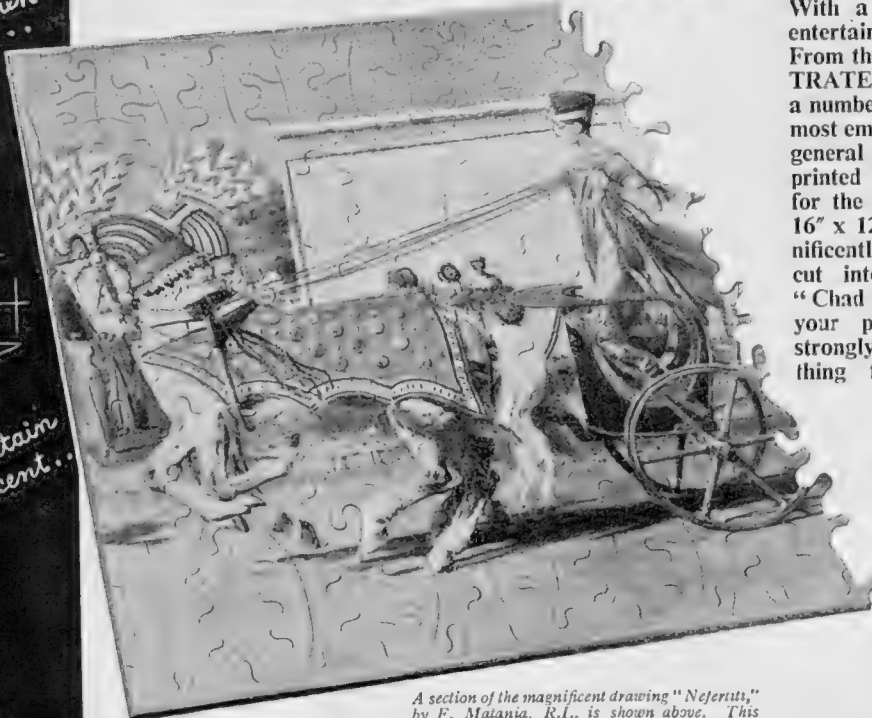


To keep the children out of mischief...

To amuse & entertain the convalescent...

To solve all your "what to give" problems...

## There's nothing like a JIG-SAW PUZZLE

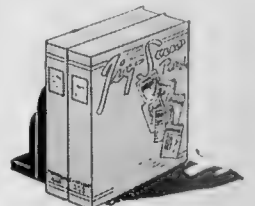


A section of the magnificent drawing "Neferiti," by F. Matania, R.I., is shown above. This is one of the delightful pictures available.

With a jig-saw in the house you have an entertaining and amusing companion always. From the pages of the world-renowned ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS have been selected a number of magnificent colour drawings by the most eminent artists of the day. The subjects, of general and of historical interest, have been reprinted as jig-saw puzzles, and are now offered for the first time. These Jig-Saws measure 16" x 12" (approx. 225 pieces) and are magnificently printed and mounted on plywood cut interlocking by the master craftsman "Chad Valley." And, so that you can store your puzzles neatly, they are packed in strongly made book-cover boxes; just the thing for your bookcase or bookshelf.

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# Answers for the Afternoon

## Top Left

For general town wear, this tailored dress in black or navy romaine. The front is softened by a pleated panel in a striking print design. Hips 40-46.

Price **5½ gns.**

Hat in fine straw, trimmed with a ruche of box-pleated ribbon and veiling.

Price **32/2**

## Bottom Right

Groups of tucking are the keynote of this graceful two-piece in light-weight wool. The short-sleeved dress with its new swing skirt and matching coat can be had in navy, green or hyacinth. Hips 38-44.

Price **5½ gns.**

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Price **35/9**

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EXQUISITE LINENS EXCLUSIVE CLOTHES

**I**  
**used to**  
**hide my**  
**hands...**  
**now my**  
**friends**  
**envy**  
**them!**



Thousands of women are discovering GLOVLIES — women who once worried about their hands—watched them grow red and rough and chapped—bought expensive creams and lotions—but all in vain! GLOVLIES have solved their problem, given them the beauty they sought. Just slip on your GLOVLIES when you retire to bed. These delicate, pink cellular gloves are made of a special medicated fabric which feeds the pores and softens and whitens the skin while you sleep. A bottle of remedicing lotion accompanies each pair. Only 5/- but observe the difference even after the first few days.



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The most distinguished lipstick in the World



SPRINGTIME IS  
MATCHMAKING TIME

*Stockings  
must  
match  
both  
skirt  
and  
shoes*



*and that's what  
Aristoc do!*



THE ARISTOCRAT OF SILK  
STOCKINGS 3/11 TO 10/6

Yes, legs can look more slender, calves more shapely, ankles absurdly slim if you choose a stocking shade that blends (as Aristoc do) with both your skirt and shoes. And for your further guidance, here are just two clever stocking 'matches' for dominating spring colours.

SKIRT AND SHOE COLOURS	ARISTOC SHADE
<i>Green/Blues</i> <i>All pastels</i>	'GOLD DUST' 'GLAMOUR'

Of course, you can think of shades and nothing but shades when you buy Aristoc—for these lovely stockings have a really invincible reputation for all the other important qualities of long life, colour fastness, and fine texture.



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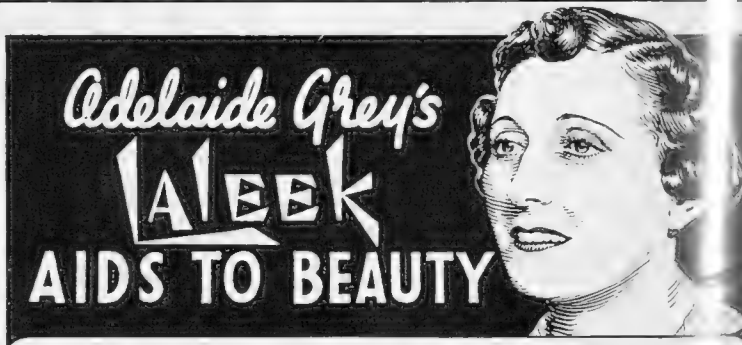


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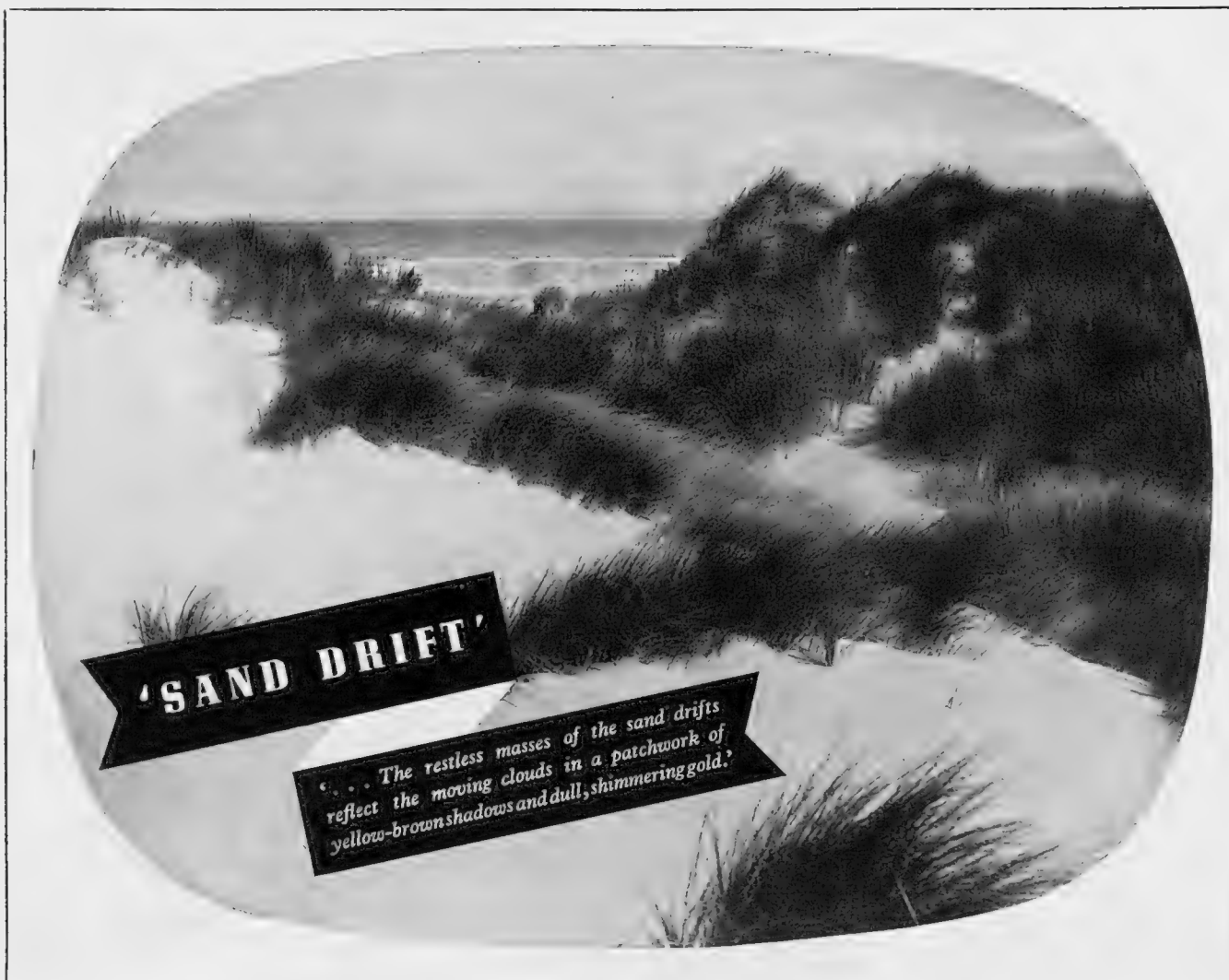
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available in papers with varying surface effects, some slightly rough-cast, others more heavily embossed, as well as several patterned designs. Your decorator will show samples of the new tint or it may be seen in practical use at the Sanderson Showrooms where special rooms have been decorated and furnished to demonstrate its possibilities — and there are the other Sanderson 1939 tints: 'Alpine Glow', 'Wave Crest', 'Woodland Haze' and 'Thistledown'. Paints in flat or glossy finishes are obtainable to tone.

#### SANDERSON INDECOLOR FABRICS

*including reversible woven fabric, linen, cretonne, glazed chintz and the new lustrous-finish washable chintz called 'Sanderlin', are obtainable from furnishers and stores in tints to match these new wallpapers. They are guaranteed sun-resisting and washproof.*

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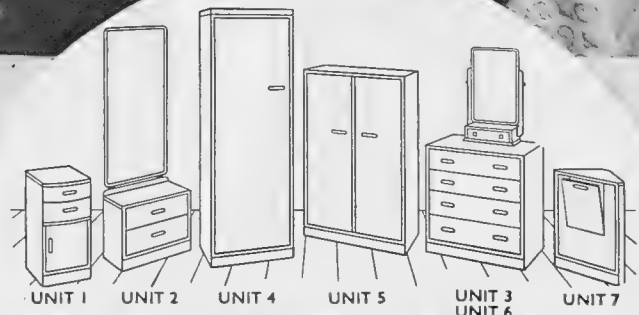
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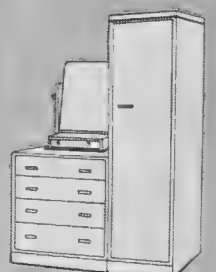
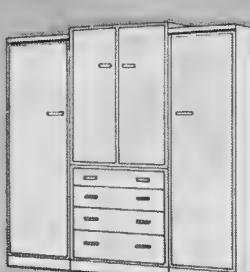
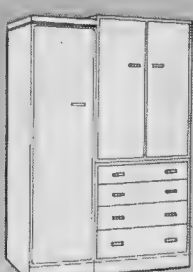
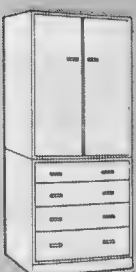


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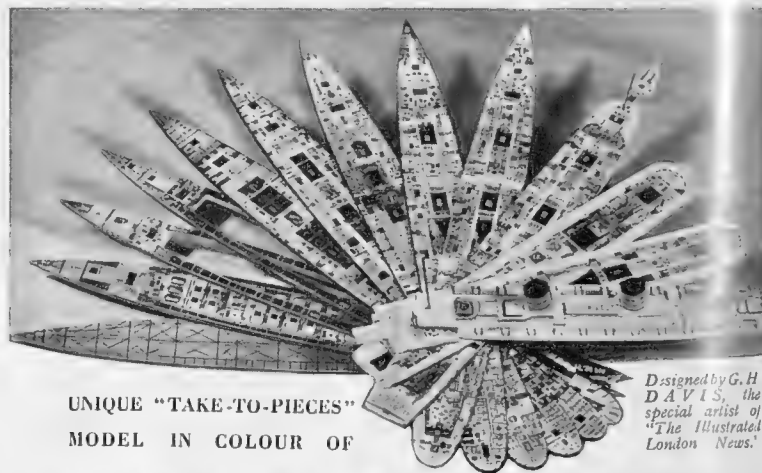
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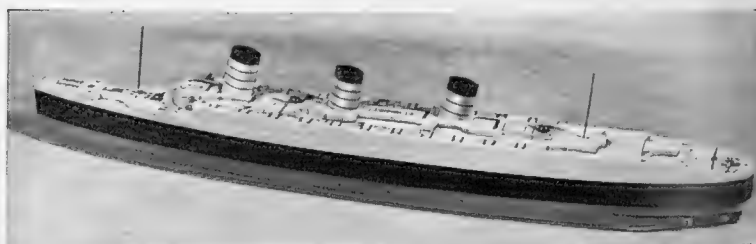
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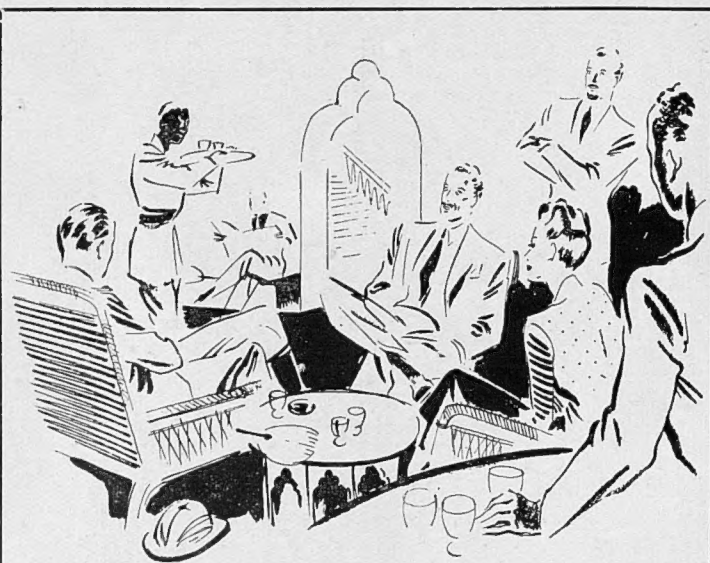
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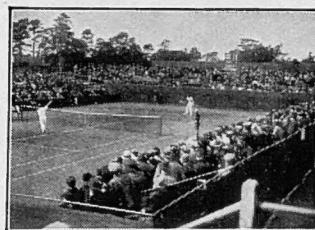
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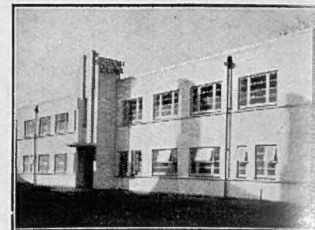
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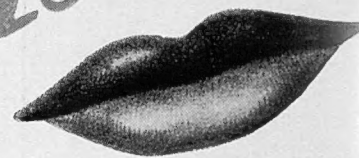
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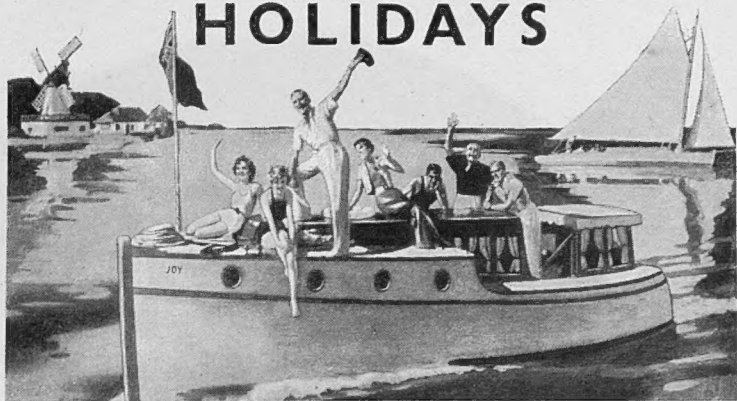
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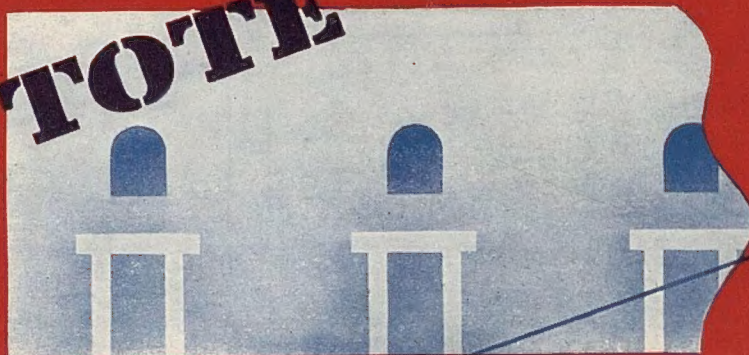
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